PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF [illegible]

DEC 29 1937

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIV. No. 356 (New Series) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS	Page 1049	FOR CHRISTMAS CONSUMPTION. By Peter Galway	Page 1064
REALITIES IN THE EAST	1052	PLAYS AND PICTURES	1065
HEALTH SERVICES AND SICKNESS SERVICES. By Harry Roberts	1053	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	1066
A LONDON DIARY	1054	REVIEWS:	
THIS ENGLAND	1055	Agatha. By Ralph Partridge	1067
NEW ZEALAND'S LABOUR GOVERNMENT. By W. B. Sutch	1056	Victorian Album. By Christopher St. John	1068
THE VICE OF PUNCTUALITY. By Y. Y.	1057	Cleopatra. By F. A. Wright	1068
CORRESPONDENCE	1058	An Escapist. By Cyril Connolly	1070
From W. Gilbert Fraser; Presbyter Anglicanus; Douglas Goldring; H. W. Nevinson; Mary Stocks; Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.; Sir Norman Angell and others; T. F. Taylor; H. Cecil Heath; Geoffrey West.		Making an Example.	1070
THE STORM. By V. S. Pritchett	1061	An Irish Lady.	1072
SICKERT. By Clive Bell	1062	Aard-vark to Zorilla	1072
SOME NEW MUSIC. By W. J. Turner	1063	SHORTER NOTICES	1074
		HIGHLY COMMENDED	1074
		WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	1080
		CROSSWORD	1082
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives	1084

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Japanese attacks on American and British ships have for the moment overshadowed their war with China. But that war goes on with unabated slaughter and destruction. Nanking has fallen after a struggle that lasted longer than most of us, including the Japanese themselves, had expected. And this, which some had thought might be the end, is, according to Prince Konoe, "only the beginning." It "marks the start of real and protracted hostilities." That, in plain Japanese, means that Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Government and the Chinese armies are to be hunted down and annihilated, in order that China may be "reconstructed." The reconstruction has already begun in the conquered Northern Provinces. A puppet administration, called the Provincial Government of the Chinese Republic, has been installed by the Japanese in Peking. The programme, we are told, includes co-operation with Japan and Manchukuo; opposition to Communism; rehabilitation of industry and agriculture; and—masterstroke of statesmanship—the "promotion of self-government." This new regime also pledges itself to respect existing treaties with friendly Foreign Powers. Past and present happenings may cast a little doubt on the value of that pledge.

The War in Spain

Apart from air raids and some heavy shelling by the rebels at certain points on the Aragon front, there has been little fighting in Spain this week. The weather reports are grim. In Andalusia it has been raining cats and dogs; snow has fallen low down on the Pyrennees, in the Castile highlands and in Madrid itself. This hardly looks favourable for the big offensive by Franco, which has been so long predicted and so long delayed. In the extreme south-east, however, there may be something afoot. The Gibraltar frontier was closed on Tuesday and the ferry service to Algeciras suspended; there are troop movements behind the rebel lines and—the meets of the Calpe Hunt have had to be cancelled. On the London front all is quiet; the Non-Intervention Committee is expected to resume its conversations one day this week or next. By far the worst news is that the suggestion that the British Admiralty regards Spanish Governmental waters as unsafe is having its effect, that insurance rates have therefore risen steeply and that regular shipping services that have been plying to and from Governmental Spain are seriously curtailed. This is to repeat the policy which made Britain an accomplice of Franco's at Bilbao. There is not, in fact, any evidence that Spanish Government territorial waters are unsafe; if a blockade is allowed to come into operation it can only be because the British Admiralty does not want to pro-

tect British ships on their way to Spanish Government ports.

Italy Marches Out of Geneva

Italy's decision to leave the League is not, in the circumstances of to-day and of a series of yesterdays, a matter of any practical importance. The part she has played at Geneva in the past year or two has been almost entirely mischievous. Her withdrawal, which was long expected, may do a little to clear the atmosphere; it will not make the League a worse wreck than it already is. Four out the seven Great Powers are outside it, and three of those four are not only at loggerheads with it, but are open enemies of the Covenant. Whether Great Britain and France and the U.S.S.R., with the lesser Powers who still believe in collective security, can salve and recondition the ship, remains to be seen. There is no sign of the British Government trying, or even wanting, to do anything of the sort. The speech in which Mussolini announced the retirement from "the Geneva council of fools," was the familiar mixture of bombast and abuse. It was followed within a few hours—no doubt by prearrangement—by a declaration from Berlin that Germany was in full sympathy with the Duce's attitude, and that she would never return to Geneva. "Never" is a long time; but it is plain that, at present and for so far ahead as we can see, there is no hope of reconciling Nazism and the Covenant of the League.

The Soviet Plebiscite

From the point of view of the effect abroad it is a pity that instead of talking about an election, which implies choice, Stalin did not herald the Soviet plebiscite with some such words as these. "In 1935, when the new Constitution was framed, we hoped to be able to allow much more criticism and opposition than we have in fact found practicable in view of the alarming foreign situation and the serious penetration of Fascist agents and Trotskyite opinions in Soviet Russia. What we have done is to give a demonstration that the overwhelming mass of Soviet citizens support the present regime; we have given them the chance of registering a safe and secret vote against it if they desired; we remind the world that to-day in Soviet Russia millions of citizens 'participate,' as your Webbs put it, in government in one way or another; in short, in a vast country, largely illiterate until we educated it and containing millions of nomad tribesmen who had no idea what a vote meant a few years ago, it is a wonderful thing to have developed the idea of self-government. Moreover we have not imposed, as some governments have, a mere list of Party candidates; we have encouraged the choice of numerous non-Party representatives, men popularly and freely acclaimed by the mass of the electorate, and in so doing we have provided that within the general framework of Stalinite orthodoxy there can be genuine criticism and discussion. We have not taken away, as the Fascists and Nazis have, existing rights, but on the contrary granted new rights; we have not destroyed free institutions, but provided new institutions which, even taking into account all the limitations (and executions) still found necessary among the administrative class, means for the mass a great increase in education and liberty." If Stalin had said something of this kind, his plebiscite would have been equally impressive as a "demonstration of solidarity," and much less open to the smiles of foreign observers.

Political Prisoners in Austria

On Mr. Lansbury's new tour "in quest of peace" there are many interesting things which he may discover in default of what he is seeking. In Vienna, for instance, where he arrives this week, he may learn of the increasing surrender of the regime to Nazi pressure. The Nazi Party and the Nazi salute are of course still forbidden; but at the offices in the Teinfaltstrasse Captain Leopold is functioning as head of his "forbidden" party. And no other greeting is to be heard there but the "forbidden" *Heil Hitler*, with which the police decline to interfere. Even more interesting to Mr. Lansbury, as a Socialist, should it be to visit some of his comrades who are in gaol for the offence of collecting money for the relief of other imprisoned Socialists, and to meet Nazis who openly collect for the Langoth Fund, administered by Herr Langoth, ex-governor of Upper Austria. In the great prison at Stein, Nazis are allowed to receive 2½ schillings a week from this fund to supplement their diet; Socialists are not allowed to form such a fund. Recently some prison warders, upset by the sight of this daily injustice, urged the Socialists to petition to be allowed to receive the supplement from their families. Chancellor Schuschnigg's department has just vetoed the request. Political prisoners sentenced for offences committed with explosives are not allowed the privilege until a late period of their sentences. If they are Nazis, however, the Langoth fund provides them daily with one-third of a litre of milk, and one egg and bacon. The Socialist in the next cell has to go hungry.

Arms and the Boom

Sir Thomas Inskip's speech to the National Union of Manufacturers partly explains the Government's optimism concerning the prospects of a slump. It appears that the expenditure on rearmament has not yet nearly reached its peak, and that the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence now expects the original estimate of £1,500 millions spread over five years to be exceeded by £150 millions—giving an annual expenditure of £330 millions instead of the £300 millions previously announced. Moreover, it is clear from the course of Government borrowing that not a great deal of this vast appropriation has yet been spent. It looks as if rearmament is proceeding more slowly than was planned at the outset. Accordingly, the Government relies on expanding expenditure on this form of "public works" to offset any tendency towards general economic depression that may manifest itself for some time to come. Armaments are, indeed, from this particular standpoint, the ideal form of public works. They do not compete in any way with private enterprise; they have the great advantage—from the capitalist point of view—of being entirely unproductive; they provide interest on money which might otherwise not be able to earn any; and they are just as good as any more useful works both in providing indirect employment and in distributing purchasing power. Digging holes and filling them up again would of course possess most of the same advantages—or paying the unemployed higher incomes out of borrowed money. But that would never do.

You Never Can Tell

In the second reading debate in the Lords on the Air Raid Precautions Bill, Lord Arnold's was a lonely voice. The Bill, he held, was untimely and should have been postponed as "a gesture for peace which might have had very beneficial consequences." This is scarcely realism; to announce our intention of disarming completely would, of course, be a remarkable gesture, but to go on arming offensively and hope that Hitler would be impressed into gentleness by a lack of air precautions, is not sensible. On the other hand, we do not quite agree with Lord Trenchard that "one can never tell what the human race will do." With bombs falling merrily on Spain and China —their effects duly noted by special Home Office observers on the spot—and with British insurance companies rating the risk in this country so high that cover against incendiary bomb danger cannot be obtained, we do know only too well what the human race will do, unless an organised effort is made to stop the drift into anarchy. The real case against the Air Raid Precautions Bill is that the protection it contemplates is put forward with the pretence that it may be effective, while the more serious but expensive remedies like a proper supply of public concrete shelters are avoided. Lord Trenchard at least was honest. The precautions, he admitted, would not prevent large numbers of people being killed; but if they succeeded in averting panic, by giving everybody the impression that he or she formed one unit in an organised scheme, they might succeed in preventing an enemy delivering a knock-out blow in the first ten days of war. At best, the prospect is bleak.

Hire Purchase

It is greatly to be hoped that parliamentary time will be found for the passage of the Bill to purge the hire-purchase system which Miss Ellen Wilkinson introduced last Friday, and to which the House gave a Second Reading without a division. The Bill is designed not to restrict the scope of hire-purchase—a clause limiting the maximum period of credit might well be added in Committee—but to rid the system of its worst abuses. It provides that, in every hire-purchase agreement involving less than £100, the cash price as well as the hire-purchase price of the goods must be stated, and that a purchaser shall have the right to terminate the contract by surrendering the goods plus a stated proportion of the hire-purchase price. Still more important, it enacts that purchasers who have fallen behind-hand with their instalments shall have the right to appeal to the County Courts before the vendor can resume possession. The Courts, at their discretion, can then order the return of the goods—with such "stay" as is thought fit—or may make an order allowing the purchaser to retain possession provided future rates of payment prescribed by the Court are maintained. These provisions, if they become law, should go far to prevent continuance of the present scandalous system under which touts employed by unscrupulous hire-purchase firms cajole ignorant people into signing contracts, which they cannot understand, to purchase by instalments goods whose hire-purchase price is grossly inflated and whose vendors harshly resume possession notwithstanding the fact that their real cost has often been paid for by the purchaser.

Trade Boards and Recognition

The Transport Workers' Union is in dispute with United Dairies and the Express Dairy Company, not mainly over immediate questions of wages and hours, but over the rights of collective bargaining. The big dairy firms have recently made a number of improvements in conditions, in accordance with the recommendations of the Milk Distributive Trade Board, but in advance of those recommendations becoming legally operative. This was done as a reply to the demand of the Union for an agreement; and the companies are now arguing that their concessions make an agreement unnecessary. The question is thus mainly one of recognition of the Union—though the Union is in fact demanding annual holidays with pay, and a merging in regular wages of certain sums at present paid as commission on sales. The point of principle at issue, apart from that of the general right of collective bargaining, is of importance. It was certainly never intended that the fixing of minimum rates by a Trade Board should be made a substitute for collective bargaining; Trade Boards cannot, within their legal powers, cover all the issues which arise between workers and employers, and the fixing of legal minima is not designed to prevent the securing of better conditions by Trade Union action. For the moment, a strike has been averted, and Mr. Bevin is attempting to reopen negotiations; but the Union clearly cannot afford to let its claim to recognition go.

London's Land

In many foreign countries, municipalities have both derived large profits and been able to prevent undesirable suburban developments because of their ownership of a great deal of the land surrounding the built-up area. In Great Britain, the towns mostly own relatively little land, and have even been compelled to sell land which they have acquired where it has not been needed for immediate public purposes. The London County Council acquired from Parliament some years ago special exemption from this necessity; but it continued in practice to sell off its land as and when opportunity arose. The Labour majority now proposes to sell only on special grounds, and to retain land as an investment, even when it is not to be applied directly to public use. The Municipal Reformers, in search of arguments as a ground for opposition, tried to assert in this week's debate that the value of land in London was certain to fall and, alternatively, that the proposal to retain land as an investment was dangerously socialistic. The former of these assertions the Labour spokesman denied, and the latter they answered by saying that the investment was an excellent business proposition. Clearly, municipal bodies ought, in the interests both of the ratepayers and of rational town and country planning, to be given the widest possible powers to acquire land.

CHRISTMAS

Next week's issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be on sale on the bookstalls on Thursday, December 23rd. It will include a special Competition Section for Christmas amusement.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

REALITIES IN THE EAST

It is, in short, imperative not merely for the sake of justice and decency among nations, but in the material interest of every one of us in the Far East, that a halt should be called to this aggression. The danger of acting in concert is a bagatelle. The dangers of going on doing nothing are immense.—NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, February, 1932.

So we wrote on Japan's advance into Manchuria six years ago, when the dangers of concerted action were indeed a bagatelle in comparison with the difficulties to-day. Then Germany and Italy were still in the League; over fifty nations were prepared to condemn Japan, while the United States, with Mr. Hoover as President and Mr. Stimson as Secretary of State, was prepared and indeed invited us to go much further in co-operation than any American administration since the War. Looking at the material interests of the Western Powers in China to-day and recalling the last six years of increasing lawlessness, of rapine and slaughter in China, Abyssinia and Spain, we doubt if there is any member of the National Government, or for that matter any responsible member of the Foreign Office, who does not regret treating the Covenant as a scrap of paper while there was still time to make it a reality. To-day the Western democracies are reduced to huddling into corners, penning sharp Notes and asking for guarantees that guarantee nothing. Governments that themselves shattered the League, their only security, have now neither the will nor the capacity to rebuild it. The Fascist Powers laugh in their faces. Japan is not content with the massacre of thousands of helpless Chinese civilians, out of whose poverty we too have made our bit in the past, but whose martyrdom is not regarded as any concern of ours; she also sinks an American gunboat, fires at British ships, kills British and American sailors and citizens, solemnly presenting her formal Notes of apology while her soldiers and sailors continue to repeat the distressing mistakes and the regrettable errors that have so unfortunately disturbed their good friends the British and Americans.

How long is it worth while to play this game of mockery and pretence? The Japanese press, taking its cue from the Italian during the Abyssinian dispute, finds it good fun to paint the British as the villain of the piece. Meanwhile, the Tanaka Memorandum remains the programme of Japanese advance. It involves in the course of years the annexation of all China and the destruction of British power in the Far East. The Japanese Government to-day would no doubt deny that it entertained any such ideas; but the admirals and generals, whose conquering ambitions are not limited by the necessities of diplomatic courtesy, are just as apt to take "independent" (and of course regrettable) action as they were during that long series of incidents (which, of course, went so much farther than their Government intended) in Manchuria in 1931 and in Shanghai in 1932. In the circumstances it seems scarcely useful to discuss whether a pilot who dropped bombs on a gunboat, which happened to be American, did in fact make a mistake, or how far it was possible that a British gunboat had been accidentally fired on by Japanese gunners who had actually watched its approach with the British ensign flying until it was only 400 yards away. Why argue with Colonel Hashimoto, who says at the same time that the firing on the British gunboats was a "mistake," and yet that he had orders to fire on every vessel in the river? Above all, why pretend that the Japanese mean to keep the door of Chinese trade open for anyone but themselves? The Federation of British Industries, six years ago so full of illusions that it accepted the Japanese plea of "bandits" and sent a trading mission to Tokio and Manchuria to arrange for the price of its complaisance, now at last knows better. Japan intends to be mistress of the Far East: anyone trading there has to do so by her consent.

What is to be done? Only two months ago, while Chinese resistance was still powerful and the Japanese advance was confined to the Northern Provinces, the proposed boycott by Britain, the United States, France and other Powers was worth attempting. To-day, with the substance of victory achieved and the resources of China already in her hands, Japan would pay far less attention to the threat to deprive her of raw materials and to cut off her trade with the West. At most it may now be hoped that Japan does not want to quarrel irreparably with Britain or America; the threat of an oil embargo might put us in a better position for negotiations. In the long run, perhaps the very long run, Japan may find that she has bitten off more than she can swallow; but to-day it is too late to save China. Is it not also too late to persuade the Japanese that they have any enemy they need fear in the Far East? Once again the chance of Western co-operation has been hopelessly muddled. If the British had been prepared to resist Japan, the sound course was to test the United States by a firm offer of co-operation. If, as the indications are, American sentiment was still too isolationist and the risk regarded as too great, then we could at least have avoided the degrading farce of the Brussels Conference. We should have avoided too the harmful talk that now goes on on both sides of the Atlantic—the whisper on the one side that Britain was prepared to act while the Americans let us down, and on the other, that the United States was prepared for an embargo, but that Britain would not play.

If the Powers were not prepared for the risks of economic action, is not naval action even more certainly out of the question? A war between America and Japan is almost impossible; the Japanese have no bases for an attack on the United States, nor can the United States navy operate in Japanese waters; England is equally helpless. No doubt some attempt would be made to safeguard the lives of British subjects in Hong Kong if the Japanese proved too reckless, but no one believes that the Japanese could be prevented from taking Hong Kong if matters came to such a pass. In other words, since the British Government now lacks the means of helping China or of adequately protecting its own nationals, it would be sensible for Englishmen to prepare their minds for the peaceful liquidation of British interests in the Far East. Japan is not likely to insist on a wholesale and immediate clearance, but it is plain that what remains of British capital and trade in China will be beyond British protection and in effect a hostage in Japanese hands.

Englishmen are so accustomed to feeling the dominant nation in the world that it will not be easy for them to face the fact that Japan is now mistress in the Pacific.

The sooner they face it the better, for the story of Japan has a very urgent lesson for Europe. Japan has conquered and done what she liked because at the time when co-operative resistance was possible and might have been effective without war, British Conservatism favoured Japan at the expense of her weaker neighbour. To read Hansard of 1931-2 is to discover from speech after speech that most Conservative M.P.s were sure that Japan was our friend, that she would be tender to our interests and that it was better for her to impose law and order upon the turbulent nationalism of China. Largely for this—was it an ideological reason or should we say a business miscalculation?—the critical moment was missed and the Western Powers remained isolated and helpless before the advance of the aggressor. In Europe the same story has been repeated, but the issue is not yet settled. There it is still being fought diplomatically in the chancelleries of Rome, Berlin, Paris and London, and it is still being fought with aeroplanes and tanks on the fields of Spain. Once again the divided sympathies of the British ruling class, which dreads the victory of Socialism and also dreads the victory of Fascism in the Mediterranean, have bedevilled British diplomacy. The victory of Franco in Spain would prove as fatal to democracy and as disastrous to the British Empire as the victory of Japan proved in Manchuria six years ago. In Europe it is still not too late, if our rulers can understand.

HEALTH SERVICES AND SICKNESS SERVICES

THE lack of co-ordination in our numerous "health services," with consequent wastage of skill and effort, has again been brought into public notice by a letter sent to the *Times* at the beginning of the present month by Lord Dawson of Penn and Sir Kaye Le Fleming. By a helpful chance, the appearance of this letter has been almost immediately followed by the publication of an elaborate and comprehensive report on the British Health Services,* prepared by the group of social investigators known as P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning). The report is long, running into over 200,000 words, and is therefore likely to be read only by those immediately concerned with the social problems discussed. But, as a work of reference, it should find its way to the shelves of every student or exponent of social politics—whether directly concerned with the specifically health services or not.

Bearing in mind the multitude and the complexity of these services, and considering that they mostly came into existence as *ad hoc* improvisations—some voluntary, some State or municipal—the gaps and the overlappings are such as might be expected. Between the various services there is, indeed, little organic connection. To quote from the 1920 Report of the Consultative Council to the Scottish Board of Health: "Of the several sectional public services which are now in operation, it may be said, generally, that they are incomplete, and that no regular and adequate means are furnished for co-ordinating them; and, further, that no duty is laid upon anyone to ensure their continuity as regards the individual patient." That is still true.

Even more important is the almost complete dissociation of clinical medicine from the purely sanitary services. At present, the practitioner, summoned to a case of individual illness, constantly finds himself impotent by reason of the fact that in the causation and in the remedial treatment of the disease with which he is confronted environmental conditions play the leading part.

Confining ourselves for the moment to what we may call the Sickness Services—and it is with these that the P.E.P. Report is principally concerned—the conclusions to which the compilers have come, and the recommendations they make, differ hardly at all from those of previous students of sociological medicine. Here, for instance, are a few of the recommendations of the Scottish Consultative Council of seventeen years ago, already referred to. The Chairman of the Council was Sir Donald MacAlister and the Vice-Chairman was Dr. Norman Walker, distinguished representatives of orthodoxy and of authority: "A complete and adequate medical service should be brought within the reach of every member of the community"; "Unification of the various local authorities concerned with health is urgently necessary as the next step on the way to the systematic organisation of medical services throughout the country.": "The organisation of the health service of the nation should be based upon the *family* as the normal unit and on the *family doctor* as the normal medical attendant and guardian. The resources of all the auxiliary health agencies established for the public benefit should be mediated to the individual patient through the family doctor.": "Public provision should be made for a complete medical service for the whole population of the 'National Insurance' grade. The present medical service for the insured should be *expanded* so as to provide everything that is still necessary to make it adequate and complete, and *extended* so as to include within its scope the dependents of the insured, all persons (including dependants) of the same economic status as the present insured class, and all now entitled to medical services under the existing Poor Law." The Council also recommended the systematic provision of recovery homes, invalid homes, preventive or rest houses, and convalescent institutions of all sorts. Medical corporations, such as the British Medical Association and the Medical Practitioners' Union, have again and again pointed out the need for such extension and co-ordination of health services if real use is to be made of existing medical knowledge. The detailed proposals of the Dawson Committee and of the Scottish Consultative Council were, and still are, generally recognised as desirable and immediately practicable. Yet they still lie undusted in the pigeonholes of Whitehall.

Important as is an organised system of efficient sickness services—and the value of such is likely to increase as our physiological knowledge grows—far more immediately health-productive would be a serious application on a national scale of our present knowledge of disease causation. I wish that the authors of the P.E.P. Report had stressed this fact a bit more. They are, if anything, a little too modest and unassertive, specifically stating that their Report "is only intended to provide an elementary basis for constructive thought and discussion of the Health problem as a whole among those concerned." Yet, again and again, they make it clear that they do recognise the realities of the business. "A purely salvage role," they write, "is untenable for the health services: they must find out how to prevent ill-health and organise the necessary measures"; and, again, "social and economic conditions determine health problems, and many of the greatest opportunities for improving the national health lie outside the specifically health services, in such fields as housing and town and country planning, education, distribution, transport, industrial design, labour management, social and economic research, and public relations." It was Disraeli who said: "Sanitary Reform includes most of the civilising influences of humanity"; but when we do tinker with such problems as slum clearance and rehousing, we are apt to think and act superficially and with myopic vision.

A housing programme which does not provide for industrial as well as residential decentralisation can never solve the real problems of overcrowding and city slums. It is because of their bearing on the decentralisation of industry that such things as

* Report on the British Health Services. P.E.P., 16 Queen Anne's Gate. Boards, 7s. 6d. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

railway reform and the distribution of electric power are relevant to a real human conservation policy. The building and equipment of half a dozen soundly planned industrial garden-cities would have far more influence on the public health than all the millions of bottles of medicine annually dispensed to working men and women under the Health Insurance Act.

The facts are, as they have always been, that an enormous amount of illness and a large percentage of all deaths are directly traceable to poverty; and that until economic opportunity has been brought much nearer to equality, we shall not know the magnitude of the sickness problem which the specialised sickness services have to tackle. Evidence is to be found everywhere. I wish the P.E.P. writers had collected more of it for us. The Registrar General's latest "Statistical Review" tells us that, even last year, in spite of the numerous Infant Welfare clinics and the improved Public Assistance measures, the infantile death rate in Stepney was 99, and in Bethnal Green 98, whilst in Hampstead it was 66 per thousand births. Here are some facts reported in the *Times* last week. A nutrition experiment has been carried out in the Special Areas during the last three years, by the National Birthday Trust Fund. In connection therewith, during 1935–37, 10,384 mothers received special foods, the maternal death-rate being 1.63 per thousand births. Only one death from sepsis occurred in the whole series of cases. The number of mothers in the same areas not included in the distribution was 18,854. The maternal death-rate in this group was 6.15 per thousand births, and the number of deaths from sepsis was 46. The infant death-rate (including still-births) during the 1935–6 period is not available, but for the 3,064 cases fed during the first six months of 1937 it was 57 per thousand, and for the 4,781 cases not fed 102 per thousand. The cost of this experiment worked out at 13*s.* 4*d.* for each mother—about the cost of a nice lunch for two at one of our more agreeable restaurants.

Here, again, are a few facts reported in a recent number of the *Lancet*. They were quoted from a speech made in New York by the Hon. Josephine Roche, Under-Secretary of the U.S. Treasury in charge of Public Health. The death-rate from pulmonary tuberculosis in America is seven times as great among unskilled workers as among professional workers; the pneumonia death-rate is three-and-a-half times greater; the death-rate from all causes is more than twice as high for the unskilled worker as for the professional. Included in a recent survey, launched to determine the degree of morbidity in a sample of the American population, were 740,000 families, comprising three-and-a-half million individuals. It was found that disabling illness among persons on relief was 68 per cent. higher than among those belonging to families with an annual income of £750 or over; and that one in every twenty heads of families on relief was unemployed because of disability, while only one in 250 heads of families in the higher income groups was unemployed for that reason. Figures like these merely supplement evidence that I get at first hand every day of my life.

A recognition of these facts and of other facts like them is calculated to make a doctor of average intelligence wonder if we wouldn't be better employed digging our spurs into the gluteal muscles of lethargic politicians than in prescribing iron tonics for ill-nourished, over-worked, slum-environed seamstresses and restaurant kitchenmaids.

Of course, both these procedures are called for. In the present state of our knowledge, disease will persist when we have abolished poverty and all that it implies. We shall still want our family doctors, our specialists of all sorts, our hospitals and our holiday homes; but the skill of our trained experts will be called upon to relieve ills and sufferings that man does not as yet know how to prevent, not, as so often at present, to narcotise the victims of circumstances which continue to exist only because of our complacency, our selfishness and our economic cowardice.

HARRY ROBERTS

A LONDON DIARY

IT was obvious from the bashful complexion of the Conservative press on Monday morning that the charge against Mr. Attlee would not be seriously pressed. When the time came Mr. Attlee spoke out candidly and forcibly, and no responsible person was prepared to get up and say that he had "intervened" by expressing in Spain that sympathy with the Spanish Government which he has so often expressed at home, or by pledging in Spain the political support which the Labour Party has always promised and which it is to reiterate so solemnly at the Albert Hall on Saturday. On the contrary, I hear that the more sensible Conservatives were a good deal ashamed of the whole affair; some of them were heard to apologise—"After all, you've got silly fools on your benches too, haven't you?" The serious side of the matter was the suggestion, implicit in Mr. Liddall's motion and explicit in some newspaper comments, that because Mr. Attlee was Leader of the Opposition, now a paid post, he is debarred from leading a real Opposition. It was because it would lead to such an assumption that I myself always objected to the payment of a salary to the Leader of the Opposition, pleased though I was for Mr. Attlee personally to have £2,000 a year. The aim of the ruling group in England to-day is to obtain a united government of national concentration, while maintaining the appearance (which Mussolini has failed to maintain) of a genuine Opposition. In England we do not offer bribes, and Mr. Attlee is as personally independent as any politician in Britain, but there were certainly people who intended the £2,000 as a polite intimation that Opposition in England to-day is licensed.

* * *

By the expulsion of Hubert D. Harrison, Reuter's chief Balkan correspondent, the Jugoslav dictatorship has made itself a laughing stock. In his dead set against the democratic paper *Politika* the censor banned a Mickey Mouse comic strip by Walt Disney. The last picture had just reached the point in the story where the uncle of Prince Mickey Mouse, who was acting as Regent, started a military conspiracy against the over-popular prince. Harrison cabled this abroad. The neurotic Prince Paul, who makes diplomats' lives a misery by hunting for imagined slights in the British press, read into this cable an attack on himself, and Harrison was expelled. But the censor's real reason for banning Mickey Mouse, I hear, was not simply that Walt Disney's cap might have been designed for the head of Prince Paul, but that it might have looked an even better fit for some of his Ministers. For the picture which was to follow showed Prince Mickey Mouse going to the safe to count the proceeds of the heavy taxation about which his subjects complained, only to find that his Ministers had emptied it. So the susceptibilities of M. Stoyadinovitch and his colleagues were assuaged by the suppression of the picture, and Prince Paul's shattered nerves soothed by the expulsion of one of the few newspaper men in Belgrade who has refused to knuckle under to the terrorism of this regime. And Father Korosetch, that unforgiving Catholic priest and Minister of the Interior, was able at last to revenge himself on the man who last July gave the world the story of how the Reverend Father set his police on to buffeting and bayoneting bishops and priests of a rival church, the Serbian Orthodox, when they marched in religious procession through Belgrade to protest against Korosetch's pet scheme, the Concordat with Rome.

* * *

You will remember Arthur Koestler as the *News Chronicle* correspondent who was captured by Franco when Malaga fell, was imprisoned in Seville, condemned to death without trial and was finally released as the result of agitation in this country and Foreign Office intervention. He was exchanged for the wife of one of Franco's airmen, who was held in Government territory. I was one of a small group of journalists who met Koestler when he reached England, nervously exhausted, but polite even to a comic reporter whose idea of the right question

to put to a man who had been in strict confinement for three months was "which side was winning the war?" We asked what sort of prison had he been in. Oh, a model prison with running water, built by the Republic. Had he been in solitary confinement? Yes, for half the time. Like Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, in whose house he was arrested, Koestler has said very little up till now. Sir Peter, I hear, is breaking silence, and Koestler has now described his prison experiences in the second half of a book called *Spanish Testament*, which is the Left Book Club choice for December. I am sorry that it should be a Left book because, although that ensures it at least a 50,000 circulation, it will put off a lot of people who ought to read it but who will assume that it is propaganda. The first part of the book is a good first-hand account of the Spanish Civil War. It covers much the same ground as the brilliant pamphlet called *Why Spain Fights On*, by Louis Fischer, published by the U.D.C. this week at 6*d*. The second part of Koestler's book is subjective; it will be, I think, one of the classics of prison literature. Incidentally, it tells one a good deal about the Franco regime, but that is not its point. It is the deeply sincere account, without literary frills, of the psychological experience of a highly sensitive man who night after night for three months is expecting to be shot. It is a permanent addition to knowledge and literature. I don't want to discuss it further. I merely want to tell you to read it.

* * *

Lest anyone should think that the Southampton dockers who refused to handle Japanese goods were acting purely on the inspiration of the extreme Left, it is worth noticing that the China Campaign Committee organised a big public meeting in Southampton on Sunday night (about a thousand people were present, which is a lot for Southampton) and that the resolution congratulating the dockers was moved and seconded by the local secretaries of the Liberal Party and the League of Nations Union. The collection for China relief was enlivened by the present for auction purposes of two flounders, contributed by the wife of a docker who had caught them that morning.

* * *

Lady Rhondda's *Notes on the Way* (published by Macmillan at 6*s*.) started me thinking about this trade of Diary-making and reminded me of the comment that this column is so-called because it is not a Diary and isn't about London. Lady Rhondda was wiser with her choice of title. She has the true knack of the Diary writer; she can pick up an unconsidered trifle, turn it this way and that, raise a smile, hint a moral and jump on to Kensington or Timbuctoo before one has time to start an argument and spoil the effect. She has, above all, the gift of writing personally without writing egotistically. Many of the great questions of the day come in somewhere, and she comments neatly, with pleasing commonsense. I like some of her stories—especially the adventure of a friend who arrived on a hot day at a secluded little beach and lay down behind a sand dune where she could see without being seen. Two young girls came along and getting behind another sand dune took off their clothes and sunbathed. Along came a parson with a kodak. He thought himself alone, undressed and went in to bathe, leaving his clothes and kodak in a heap:

> Presently he swam round the neighbouring headland. Then out from behind their sand dune stole these two young girls, and stepped softly down to the beach to where his clothes lay. They picked up his kodak and each took a photograph of the other. After which with meticulous care they replaced it in exactly the same position it had been before, and returned once more to their hiding place.

* * *

This England—I mean the pamphlet made up of extracts from the column, illustrated by Low and now on the bookstalls—is such a success that it looks like becoming an annual event. One of the incidental results of the publication is a great increase in the number of extracts sent in every week—all to the good if people would be careful to send the full context and not send other people's ironical remarks or conscious jokes as if they were Blimpisms. The first edition of 20,000 is sold out, and the second edition is selling fast, people buying them in dozens to send to their friends as a sort of glorified Christmas card. Colonel Blimp, they tell me, ordered a hundred copies in person. He said he "always prided himself on his sense of humour."

* * *

An important air-raids official tells me that the other day he was discussing the difficulties of his problem in a lift in Whitehall. He remarked, as they shot up several flights, that it was not easy to explain to people that they were to keep on the ground floor in case of high explosives, to keep on the top floor in case of gas, which lies low, and to be sure to be out in the open when incendiary bombs were dropped. As they got out, the lift attendant, an old soldier, with a row of medals across his chest, said: "If I might give you a word of advice, Sir, keep your bowels open and don't worry." After many conferences on the subject of air-raid precautions my friend tells me that this is the only thoroughly sensible advice that he has yet heard. He says that it is the authentic voice of Britain.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to R. Langford.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The foundation stone of the first police station to be built in London with anti-air raid features will be laid by the Lord Mayor of London on Tuesday. . . . Seven stories high, it will be so constructed that, should a bomb shatter the top floors, the ground floor, housing the administrative department, will bear the whole weight of the debris. . . On the seventh floor above the living quarters, will be the hospital. The station will be the first in London to have its own rifle range, to be built in the basement.—*Evening News.*

Whitley Bay and Monkseaton Amateur Lyric Society's script for their annual pantomime was returned yesterday by the Lord Chancellor's department, to which all such scripts, amateur or professional, must go before production. One of the characters in the show, which is to be "Dick Whittington," is, or rather was, named Van Dam. The censor requests that the name be altered to Van Drat.—*Manchester Guardian.*

A wedding between the ducal houses of Douglas and Percy is another episode in which democracy responds to the glamour of old romance. Centuries have passed since the historic Border rivalry surrendered the last of its pangs, but the magic of its poetry has never weakened, and the Englishman or Scotsman who does not feel some individual inheritance in the memories of "Chevy Chase" is rather less than a "first-class citizen."—*Observer.*

A condition that he goes to Church at least once every Sunday was imposed on a 13-year-old boy who was placed on probation for twelve months at Linslade (Bucks) juvenile court for assaulting two girls.—*News Chronicle.*

Efforts to save Craigweil House, Bognor Regis, where King George V recuperated after his illness in 1929, have failed. . . . Sir Arthur du Cros, the owner, who offered the house to King George V during his convalescence, said to-day:

"I am truly thankful that the house is to be pulled down. There have been many negotiations for buying it for different purposes, such as turning it into a luxurious modern hotel. But I feel that this would not be fitting for a house in which the late King had been nursed back to health."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"This baby died from starvation due to insufficient and improper feeding. It has died from neglect by others."

This was the coroner's verdict at a Greenwich inquest yesterday on a five-weeks-old baby. . . . Dr. Whitehouse told the mother, a Russian, that she was responsible for the child's death, though he was not saying that she wilfully starved the child. "I don't like Russian people coming here and having illegitimate babies," he added. "I know you are not of superior intelligence, but go home and think over what I have said."—*News Chronicle.*

At the Crystal Palace Pet Show which opened at Dorland Hall yesterday. . . . The most original woman present was Mrs. E. D. Blowers of Hemel Hempstead, who likes mice so much that she owns 18,000 of them; she had a three-quarter-length coat made from their skins, which she sold to an American for £10.—*News Chronicle.*

When Mr. Kenneth George Morgan, a veterinary surgeon, and Miss Dorothy Price were married at Southampton, the 2 cwt. wedding cake was decorated with iced models of an operation on a dog and a calf drinking milk from a bottle.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Brooklands Flying Club is planning a Christmas Goodwill Flight. Brooklands Club popularised the Dawn Patrol, in which pilots rise with the sun to share a mock air battle and breakfast with another flying club. The Goodwill Flight is to be a variation of this, and at least one pilot may be persuaded to dress as Father Christmas.—*News Chronicle.*

A change of political orientation has in the north admittedly been facilitated by a process of extinction.—From article in *Times* by Wing-Commander James, M.P., on position in Spain.

The host and hostess received at the top of the staircase against the background of a wall-tank filled with tropical fish, most of which are named after guests who have been to the house.—*Evening Standard.*

NEW ZEALAND'S LABOUR GOVERNMENT

Two years ago New Zealand elected its first Labour Government. Its programme is largely one of social reform, aimed not so much at disturbing existing property relationships as at redistributing national income more equitably. Well before the first year of office had elapsed, the main part of the Labour Party programme had been fulfilled. Guaranteed prices were introduced for dairy produce; minimum wages for industry and agriculture were declared; as a beginning in the field of education five-year-old children were readmitted to schools, an extensive school building programme was initiated, teachers' training colleges were reopened, grants were restored to the Free Kindergartens and the W.E.A.; new pensions were introduced and existing ones increased; thousands of men were placed on public works at increased rates of pay and with good conditions; the Reserve Bank and the Mortgage Corporation were taken over by the State and the shareholders bought out; "cuts" in pensions, wages and salaries were restored; and for the first time New Zealand made her voice heard at Geneva.

Though the immediate programme contained no reference to the Arbitration Court or the shorter working week, action in this direction was expected. The Arbitration Court is a well-known institution in both Australia and New Zealand. Compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes had been the rule in New Zealand for nearly 40 years. Unions could, if they chose (and some did choose), remain outside the Arbitration Court procedure, but if they did adopt it they were bound by its awards. The Court consists of a Judge of the Supreme Court, one representative from the employers and one from the workers. The result was that with some definite exceptions trade unionism in New Zealand tended to depend on the Court for better conditions rather than on its own fighting spirit and power of organisation. During the depression the Coalition Government had abolished compulsory arbitration in order to make wage rates more flexible in a downward direction. This action found the majority of the workers totally unprepared to resist wage cutting. The Labour Government had to make a decision as to whether it was going to restore the Arbitration Court or to let trade unionism develop its strength under a friendly government but without an arbitration system. Labour opinion is divided on the subject, but the Government decided to utilise the traditional machinery—it restored the Court, and at the same time provided that all workers who were subject to a particular Court award must then become members of the trade union which the award covered. This means that as far as the Arbitration Court is concerned, there is compulsory unionism in New Zealand. At present, conditions are favourable for getting reasonable conditions from the Court and it is being used extensively, so much so that congestion is slowing up procedure—in many cases it takes months to get a decision. At the same time, there has been a material increase in the number and membership of unions.

The Labour Government also provided that there should be a 40-hour five-day week in industry, unless it was "impracticable to carry on efficiently any industry . . . if the working hours were so limited." The Arbitration Court was the judge of practicability. It has not been difficult for them to decide that industry, with few exceptions, can stand the 40-hour week. In shops and offices, hours are fixed at a maximum of 44 a week, with power given to the Arbitration Court to reduce them. In most industries, but notably railways and other public services, the shorter working week (shorter by four hours) has necessitated the employment of more workers, but in others production has been maintained with very few staff additions.

Over all, the volume of production has increased from 7 to 10 per cent. As in most countries, New Zealand conditions are those of comparative boom, due partly to world prices, partly to the Government policy of public works combined with more purchasing power in the hands of consumers.

As well as restoring wages in the civil service and industry generally, and providing for a minimum wage fixed at £3 16*s.* a week for all males of 21 and over, the Government by legislation prescribed the minimum accommodation to be provided for workers on farms, prohibited the employment of children under 15 on dairy farms, fixed minimum wages rising to £2 2*s.* 6*d.* a week at the age of 21 with 17*s.* 6*d.* a week additional where board and lodging was not provided by the farmer, and provided for four weeks a year of paid holidays. Later, by Order in Council, Nov. 11th, 1937, the minimum for dairy farm workers was raised from £2 2*s.* 6*d.* to £2 5*s.*, the payment for board and lodging remaining the same.

Unemployment sustenance payments were raised by 50 to 100 per cent.; an unemployed man with a wife and two children now receives £2 3*s.* a week if no work can be provided for him. The native Maoris now receive the same rates as Europeans. The extra payments have not produced any strain on the employment funds, largely because the number of registered unemployed has been reduced by 40 per cent. since the new Government came into office. The number absorbed into industry is, however, greater than that shown in the figures for registered unemployed.

Old age pensions have been increased from 17*s.* 6*d.* to 22*s.* 6*d.* a week; women now receive the pension at age of 60, men at 65; it is now available to all persons, including naturalised aliens, who have been in New Zealand 20 years. Widows' pensions have been increased by 50 per cent., so that a widow and one child receive £1 10*s.* a week, with 10*s.* additional for each additional child. Deserted wives also now receive this pension. The Labour Government have introduced invalidity pensions for all persons permanently incapacitated for employment—the payment is £1 a week, plus 10*s.* for a wife and 10*s.* for each child under the age of 16. This latter pension has relieved a good deal of hardship and obviated to a large extent dependence on charity or relations.

I should interpolate here that the respective purchasing powers of the New Zealand and English pounds cannot be measured by the exchange rate between the two currencies (124½ New Zealand equals 100 English). It is difficult indeed to compare them. At the low income levels the value of the pound is about the same in both countries; in New Zealand food is cheaper and clothing is dearer than in England; rents are higher, but so also is the standard of housing. On the whole one may say that a New Zealander on £4 10*s.* a week is about as well off as an Englishman on £4 10*s.* a week.

Housing has become an acute problem in New Zealand.

To assist people in difficulties, the Government passed the Fair Rents Act which prevents any increase in a tenant's rent except where a fair rent is determined by a Magistrate. In addition, the Government set up a Housing Department, erected housing factories to provide manufactured supplies and is building houses in most towns and cities on contract. These houses, as far as the writer's knowledge and observation goes, are superior to houses for the wage earning groups in any other part of the world. The finance is provided by new money from the State-owned Reserve Bank.

The Reserve Bank has extensive powers of control of the banking system, few of which have been used, but it is clear that the Government will not be held up for necessary finance. A new departure from orthodox Reserve Bank activity is the financing of the purchase and export of butter and cheese which comprises two-fifths of New Zealand's exports. Dairy farmers in New Zealand have notoriously suffered from extreme fluctuations in prices on the London market. This also had an adverse effect on New Zealand's economy. To stabilise farmers' returns and ensure them a reasonable standard of living, the Government purchased all butter and cheese for export at a price based on the average of the last ten years. Payments to dairy factories, which are co-operatively owned, are made from the Dairy Industry Account at the Reserve Bank. The Government arranges for shipping and has its own marketing organisation in London. Proceeds of sales are credited to the Dairy Industry Account. It is not intended that the account should balance at the end of one year, but self-balancing is, as far as can be judged, the objective over a period of years. In the first season there was a small deficit in the Account; for the present season the purchase price is higher to cover a "reasonable standard of living" and working, maintenance and capital costs in the industry; the deficit is estimated to be somewhat greater, Tooley Street prices being the uncertain factor.

One of the more controversial actions of the Labour Government was its abolition of several recently constituted Boards, and the resumption of direct Ministerial responsibility and control, the activities involved being broadcasting, railways, transport and unemployment. In most cases the Boards had met at intervals and had presumably dealt with policy matters. The Transport Board had licensing and judicial powers which are now given to four district authorities and the Minister.

The changes made in broadcasting involve not only the assumption of Ministerial control, but the appointment of a director (a well-known and liberal professor of education), the setting up of another state broadcasting service (commercial advertising) and the broadcasting of Parliamentary debates. As a reason for this latter, the Prime Minister had stated that the press, which is almost uniformly conservative, was not giving the public sufficient news of what went on in Parliament, nor was it reporting impartially both sides of the discussion. The broadcasting of Parliament has proved to be very popular indeed. The New Zealand people are now sharing in legislation and, at the same time, hearing speeches in racy New Zealand English, limited only by Mr. Speaker's control over unparliamentary language. The Labour Members excel in debate and their legislative measures are aimed to assist broad sections of the people.

Other measures of the new Labour Government include provision for the downward adjustment of debts to the productive or rental value of a farm or property (a necessity due to the depression); the Industrial Efficiency Act, which is a general enabling act for industry establishing a procedure for rationalisation; the provision of a half pint of milk daily *free* to *all* children at school—initial administrative difficulties mean there is not yet a complete coverage but this will come soon; greater control and progressive State ownership of road transport; State participation in the domestic marketing of dairy produce; and the rapid extension of free dental treatment to school children. The major changes yet to come are a comprehensive superannuation scheme, and a national health service. Legislation should be introduced early in 1938.

There are several other enactments which indicate the mind of the Labour Government, namely, the abolition of voting in local elections and polls by bodies corporate, the abolition of the penalty of whipping for offences dealt with by the Children's Court, the provision that societies of civil servants as well as trade unions may affiliate with any political party and make grants from its funds for the furthering of political objects, the removal of the ban on the importation of certain political literature, and the repeal of a measure which provided for the dismissal without notice of civil servants found "guilty of conduct calculated to incite, procure, or encourage grave acts of injustice, violence, lawlessness, or disorder" or of statements bringing the Government into disrepute or "that in any other manner his conduct has been gravely inimical to the peace, order, or good government of New Zealand."

If one seeks for a European analogy, the New Zealand Labour Government is social-democratic—it has not failed its electorate, though some members of the rank and file in caucus and of the leadership in the industrial field consider that it has been too friendly to its enemies and has not taken big enough steps towards Socialism, and there is official discouragement of leanings towards Communism. New Zealanders are neither socialist nor capitalist—they are liberal humanitarian opportunists for the most part with few objections to the State providing services so long as that appears the sensible thing to do. There will be another general election in 1938, and Labour will probably be returned to continue its programme. The test will come when the returns from New Zealand's heavy export trade slump materially.

W. B. SUTCH

THE VICE OF PUNCTUALITY

"PUNCTUALITY with the Englishman," says M. André Maurois, "is more than a habit. It is a vice." This is a severe judgment, but, from a strictly Puritanical point of view, it is probably a true one. To the strict Puritan every form of self-indulgence is a vice, and undoubtedly punctuality is a form of self-indulgence. It is rooted in laziness and a desire to avoid trouble. The Englishman, being one of the laziest of men, was the first to discover the fact that, if everybody were punctual, he would be spared a great deal of superfluous work and worry, and so he set about preaching the gospel of punctuality, which is simply a branch of the gospel of the higher selfishness. Needless to say, he lauded his vice as a virtue, and it is only the more logical Puritans of the Continent who have seen through his pretences.

It is useless to deny that the unpunctual man excels the punctual both in energy and endurance. Even the unpunctual schoolboy is a model to his punctual coeval in this respect. How smoothly the day passes for the punctual fourteen-year-old! He glides through the day as easily as a tram along tramlines! Sitting down in good time to breakfast, he has leisure to practise the art of gluttony almost before the sun is warm. Rising seasonably from the table, he sets off for school under no shadow of fear of an irate master's reproof. He saunters into school in the mood of Pippa, and is in his seat in class before the bell has rung and in time to receive his by-no-means-easy-to-placate master's glance of approval. And so he passes through the day, effortless, careless, and, I cannot help thinking, spiritually idle.

Compare with his the lot of the unpunctual boy, whose day is one long series of efforts. First, he has to make an effort to get out of bed, expending energy on what his punctual fellow had accomplished with lazy ease. At the breakfast-table, again, his brain is working hard, calculating exactly how many seconds he can afford in which to bolt his food before rushing off to an institution in which he is almost sure to be received, not with commendation, but with frowns. Only half-fed—for the unpunctual boy of necessity eats sparingly, like the saints and the ascetics—he tumbles out of the house, banging the door after him with the energy of a

gymnast. See him running along the street, and you will note in him none of those marks of indolence which were all too conspicuous in the deportment of his punctual predecessor. His breath comes fast; his face is flushed; every step he takes is that of a boy doing his utmost, like a hero trying to win a race for the honour of his school. He is so bent on doing his best and on arriving at his school in good time that, when he mounts a tram, he finds that, in his absorption in duty, he has not even had leisure to tie his shoe-laces. At the school gates, the empty playing-fields tell him that the bell has already rung and that he will have to face a reception in the schoolroom that only the bravest can face with equanimity. He braces himself for the ordeal; and the acute observer will perceive that the unpunctual schoolboy has to brace himself fifty times in the course of the day for once that this happens to the punctual. He lives in a fury of moral energy, indeed, that ought to have received but did not receive, the approbation of Samuel Smiles. My own schoolmaster agreed with Samuel Smiles. He did not even look up from his desk as he thought out words withering enough to discourage all moral effort on my part in the future. "Y," he said coldly, "if you cannot arrive in class in time, you will kindly stay away altogether." Such was the reward of virtue, of an output of energy of which no other boy in the class was capable or, at least, which no other boy in the class had dreamed of emulating.

I doubt whether the punctual have the slightest conception of what the unpunctual go through—of their exhausting labours, of their endless endurances. They seem to think that other people like being late for the sake of being late, whereas in fact there is no one who suffers more from being late than the late-comer. There is very little fun for a middle-aged man in bolting half an egg and running a quarter of a mile to catch a morning train to town. No one, intent on his own comfort and eager to get through the day as easily as possible, would dream of doing such a thing. It is a form of penance that the unpunctual man has to go through for not having been ease-loving enough in childhood to discover the art of living with a minimum of effort.

The unpunctual, again, are accused of selfishness. Theatre-goers are continually complaining of the selfishness of those who arrive late in the stalls. The accusation is false. I know, for being one of the most selfish of men, I always make a point of arriving at the theatre in time for purely selfish reasons. I have not the courage to endure the miseries of being late—to face the silent hatred of women whom there is no room to pass without crushing their dresses or treading on their feet and the fury of fat men whom there is scarcely room to pass at all. To arrive in time at a theatre or a football match I regard as one of the luxuries of life. If I have to choose between disturbing other people and, being disturbed myself, I prefer—for purely selfish reasons—being disturbed myself. For, since I am naturally unpunctual, I can make allowances for the late-comers and understand what they are suffering. Some of them, I tell myself, have been held up in traffic-blocks, poor things. Others have been kept fuming in the hall, while their wives and daughters were held prisoners upstairs by their mirrors. Others are the victims of slow clocks and watches. Every man who has ever been late knows that there are twenty good reasons for being unpunctual, whereas there is only one good reason for being punctual—self-love. Or, perhaps, that is not quite fair. I have known one or two really unselfish people who were habitually punctual out of regard for their hosts and hostesses. But those are heights to which I myself never could rise.

Our hatred of unpunctuality is, I think it can be shown, mainly a selfish hatred and, therefore, a vicious hatred. It is not from virtue that we object to being kept an hour late for our dinner. I have heard one of your punctual fellows, after he had been kept waiting for dinner twenty minutes beyond the appointed time saying: "My God, I could kill that cook." Scarcely a Christian sentiment. Even I, who am frequently late for meals, hate to be kept waiting for a meal. I remember spending a summer holiday in a cottage on an estuary in which breakfast was never on the table before eleven o'clock. In London, I have no objection to an eleven-o'clock breakfast, but on a holiday I like to be up betimes and am ready for breakfast by ten. The woman who looked after us, however, lacked the art of doing things easily, and, morning after morning, we hung about, famished, squawking for food like young birds in a nest. Self, self, self—we thought nothing of the poor woman and the desperate efforts she was making in the kitchen. We were equally inconsiderate when, arriving back for lunch at half-past one, we were kept waiting for it till four. It was not that, after our late breakfast, we were starving, but that the woman by her unpunctuality was unwarrantably interfering with our time-table. The whole day seemed to be wasted in waiting for meals that did not come. There is a kind of false gnawing that afflicts the stomach when cooks are unpunctual. I used to feel it in the cottage about a quarter-past ten at night when dinner had not appeared yet.

The truth is, in a selfish world, other people should always be punctual. Imagine the effect on short-tempered egotists, as most of us are, if the morning papers were constantly delivered late, if the first post arrived according to the caprice of an unpunctual postman, if no milk arrived for breakfast and the only explanation was the unpunctuality of the milkman. Italy, it is commonly said, went through a revolution largely in order to ensure the punctuality of trains. The wise men of the past said: "Better late then never"; but who nowadays echoes the ancient philosophy when the fish is not delivered in time for lunch? In a mechanised world, we now insist that life must imitate the smoothness of a machine, and that other people must live not according to their wishes but in obedience to a time-table. This, it must be admitted, is for a highly-organised society a convenience, but it is also to follow the line of least resistance. There is nothing noble about it: it is merely Epicureanism on its lowest plane. In demanding punctuality from others, we primarily seek, not their good, but our own happiness and comfort. Is that vicious? The Puritans, and M. Maurois among them, would say "Yes." I cannot quite agree with them. Punctuality still seems to me to be a virtue with other people. As for myself, however, unpunctuality happens to be one of the things that have moulded my character.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

PIGS AND BACON

SIR,—Your article on the cost of living admits that in the world depression of 1932–33 agricultural prices were at times ruinous to producers and says it is true that recent increases have been largely due to world causes. Then you quote prices of to-day and the slump years (in choosing which you can show a wider disparity than if you had taken an average of several years or any one normal year before or after the slump) and say these cannot be attributed entirely to world causes.

You cite bacon as a glaring example of a commodity that is unduly high in price and attribute this to the restriction on imports.

To understand the bacon situation it is necessary to take a comprehensive review of the industry over a number of years, to look at the graph of the pig cycle for the past 60 years, with the pig population rising and falling in regular waves every four or five years with the price of feeding stuffs and an unregulated market. In 1932 the cycle was due for another fall, with pigs at ruinous prices for the rearer and rising fodder costs. The marketing scheme came in time to stop the decline, the pig population of this country immediately began to rise and the quality of the pigs improved under the stimulus of the grading system. This is of considerable importance to the whole of agriculture, for pigs on the land restore it to good heart for other crops. The home-reared pigs, therefore, provide us with bacon, pork, subsidiary foodstuffs from the nutritionally valuable (and

cheap) offal meats, and manure calculated to be worth more than one million pounds a year, while imported bacon goes straight into the grocer's shops and much of the food value of the pig remains in the country of origin.

As to the price of bacon since the marketing scheme was initiated, it is instructive to take the same long look back over previous conditions. The pig cycle was a world phenomenon and affected all supplies, so that bacon prices were never stable. In the years 1925/30 (years of no restriction) the average annual wholesale price of English first quality bacon fluctuated between 149*s.* and 119*s.* per cwt., and of Danish No. 1 sizeable, between 123*s.* and 94*s.* Then came the slump, and the lowest price of English bacon was 87*s.* and of Danish 59*s.* (less than pre-war), both in 1932—the year you quote. In the four years of the scheme these prices have fluctuated—if one can use the word—between 97*s.* and 95*s.* for English, and 88*s.* and 94*s.* for Danish. Thus you see that some stability has been brought to the market; English prices are much nearer to Danish than they were and neither has gone back to anything like the pre-slump level.

I have quoted annual averages of two types as a basis for comparison, but there are many types and qualities of bacon on the market, and this week's quotations range from 85*s.* to 98*s.* In retail prices we find that in the four years before the slump one shilling bought an average of 11⅜ ozs. of streaky bacon (the fluctuation being as much as 1–1¼ ozs.), while in the four years of the scheme the average shillingsworth of bacon has been 13⅜ ozs., the fluctuation being only ½ oz.

On the question of quantity it is instructive to note that in 1936 importers could have brought in 50,000 cwts. more than they did, so that they could hardly complain that the quota was too severe. The quota is flexible and more bacon is coming in this year, total supplies being higher than in any year before 1930.

It will be noticed that the Bacon Marketing Scheme has not been based on any desire to restrict or destroy supplies in order to peg prices; it is a genuine attempt to increase home production and, admittedly, to raise prices from the slump level, yet to produce bacon at a price equitable for the farmer and yet not too high for the curer and grocer to maintain a satisfactory turnover. While the scheme has not swung into one hundred per cent. efficiency—or anything like it—from the start, it has achieved quite notable results and should be given the credit for this.

101 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. W. GILBERT FRASER

THE CHURCH AND SEX

SIR,—As a clergyman working in a slum parish, I was intensely interested in your issue of November 27th, which contained the courageous letter of Mrs. Chance, pleading for a reform of the Abortion Laws. One thing is certain. If women of the working classes cannot secure legal help in this way, then they will pass into the hands of the abortionist, with the attendant evils. I could cite case after case in my own district where this has happened.

May I plead, Sir, for a more enlightened attitude on the part of the Church towards the whole subject of sex relationships? We are just faced with the question of the reformed Divorce Laws. The most extraordinary obscurantism has been shown by many of our leaders towards even that elementary piece of reform. At the present time, the greatest effort is being exerted by these opponents of divorce to make the law a dead letter so far as Christian people are concerned. I hope that many of your readers who, in the ordinary way, do not read ecclesiastical debates will study the discussions in Convocation. They form an excellent record of the sheer mental obscurantism to which some can sink in the twentieth century. The work of, for example, Dr. Havelock Ellis, might never have taken place. Exactly the same story might be told of contraception and of the application of scientific eugenic methods in securing the future of the race. Mrs. Chance certainly goes far beyond anything that would be tolerated in these circles, but she has succeeded in calling attention to the fact that enlightened public opinion outside is willing to consider some modification of the Abortion Laws.

The Church is still capable of moulding public opinion, and experience has shown me that not all Church people are sunk in the obscurantism of the rigorists. I would plead with them that they should seek to make their voices heard and should demand that, if the Church is to represent the spiritual conscience of the nation, then it must take full note of public opinion on the whole matter of sex. Such authors and publicists as Dr. Geikie-Cobb, Dr. Boden-Worsley, and Mr. Kenneth Ingram, have given a lead. It now devolves upon the majority of Church people to demand that the whole subject of sex should be re-explored in the light of science and related to the highest ethic that we know. At the moment, divorce is being separated out and the case argued on detail. The need is for organised religion to make clear where it stands upon the subject of the psychology of sex, and, seeing that religion is committed to the ideal of truth, to work out a means whereby the best scientific knowledge may be made available to the working classes. Religion exists as a help. At the moment, in sexual matters, it is too often hindering much needed reforms.

There must be a good many priests who feel like myself in these matters, and who desire to see the Church attain to a scientific reality. I would plead with them to come forward and say so, just as I would plead with those outside to link up with us on these matters. Just as the Churchman of the last century had to reinterpret his faith in the light of a new Biblical science, the Churchman of this century must consider a new eugenic science, together with its related subjects. The Church can be an instrument of great good, but only if it acts upon the clearest vision of truth that is possessed by the age. Certainly, it is harmful to see Churchmen engaged in a futile fight with an enlightened and ethical public opinion over the reform of the Divorce Laws and doing nothing to seek to remove the causes of the break-up of marriage, such as the unwanted child.

PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS

THE GEORGIAN GROUP

SIR,—May I add a footnote to the vigorous article by Mr. Robert Byron which appeared in your last week's issue? I write—not as the originator of the Georgian Group, who has been privileged, in the position of Honorary Secretary, to hold the baby since its birth—but entirely on my own responsibility. As, however, I drew up the statement of the objects of the Georgian Group, which was duly endorsed by our "parent body," the S.P.A.B., there can be ho harm in my quoting it to show prospective members that our programme is rather more comprehensive than Mr. Byron seemed to indicate. "Its objects," says the memorandum prefixed to the form of membership, "are to awaken public opinion to the urgent necessity of protecting what is left of our Georgian heritage, and by means of agitation in the Press and in Parliament to rescue from demolition the squares, terraces and individual buildings of importance which can still be saved."

The promotion of new and more effective legislation and the awakening of public opinion to demand such legislation seem to me the primary and most important tasks with which the Georgian Group is now confronted. Next in importance—again, I am merely expressing a personal view—is to try to induce the members of the Town Planning Committee of the L.C.C. to use the powers conferred on them in Sections One and Seventeen of the Act of 1932, and to persuade them to consider the rights of the public before they grant licences for what is termed "interim development." It should be realised that it is only by permission of this Committee that the "parasites" to whom Mr. Byron alludes can do their deadly work. When I called on Mr. Berry (Chairman of the L.C.C. Town Planning Committee), in the summer of 1936, to collect information for an article which appeared in the *English Review* in the autumn of that year, and was entitled, by a coincidence, "The Destruction of Georgian London," his first question to me was: "What newspaper or organisation do you represent?" As I could only murmur that I "represented" nobody, he was not very forthcoming. The interview impressed me with the urgent need of forming the "organisation" which has since taken shape as a special branch of the long-established and universally respected S.P.A.B. At the same time, I came away with the belief that Mr. Berry and his colleagues were animated by good intentions and that although, during the past five years, they have been responsible for more destruction of Georgian London, for more obliteration of those "existing amenities" which they exist to protect, than any of the corporations, trustees or landlords to whom Mr. Byron refers, they might be induced to listen to argument, particularly if the public, through the press, were allowed to overhear the debate. Here, it seems to me, is an opportunity for the Georgian Group to do work of practical value, especially as it has on its Committee several architects of distinction, whose views could not be disregarded by a body largely amateur in composition. The key to the whole situation is, at present, held at County Hall. No one can build on the site of Norfolk House, to take one case which has been recently "in the news," without a licence from the L.C.C.

The problem presented by great London mansions, like Norfolk House, and by interesting survivals like the façade of the Pantheon, is what to do with them if they *are* preserved. The demand for museums, clubs, institutes, etc., is not unlimited. Houses like Norfolk House can only be saved if a cut-and-dried scheme can be put forward for making use of them. This problem does not arise in the case of such architectural ensembles as Abingdon Street and Old Palace Yard, Adelphi Terrace, Mecklenburgh Square and the line of Georgian houses facing Kennington Park, which the L.C.C. recently used its powers of compulsory purchase to demolish. All these houses were (and in the case of Mecklenburgh Square still are) occupied by satisfied tenants, who had no wish to be ejected.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Frobisher House,
Dolphin Square, S.W.1.

PAINT AND PREJUDICE

SIR,—In your short notice last week of this book by my son C. R. W. Nevinson, you mention, quite rightly, that "he suffered atrociously from the bestial brutality of Uppingham," and you add in brackets "How so intelligent and progressive a man as his father was so careless in the selection of a school remains mysterious." That mystery is easily solved. While arrangements were being made for the choice of a school, I was in Central Africa, and directly afterwards in Russia. On what seemed to be the best possible advice, largely from Old Boys who had come under the influence of that great headmaster Thring, Uppingham was chosen. But on my return home my son wrote so horrible an account of his treatment by the leading athletes in his House that I went down at once to see the headmaster, who gave as an excuse that he had himself endured even worse treatment at Eton. I found the boy in a state of extreme misery, and I offered to have him transferred to my own old school at Shrewsbury, where my brother's name as a great runner and football-player might give him some protection. But he resolutely refused to be removed, saying courageously that he would "stick it out." The abominations described in his book continued, and partially wrecked his healthy nature. More than thirty years have passed since then, and the tone of a school, as of a regiment, changes quickly; but my experience proves to me that, unless a young boy shows evidence of becoming, not a scholar or an artist or anything intellectual, but a player at ball or an athlete of some sort, it is a crime to send him to a Public School.

4 Downside Crescent, HENRY W. NEVINSON
Hampstead, N.W.3.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

SIR,—In the editorial notes of your recent issue, under the heading of Unemployment Insurance, you assert that you cannot guess why the Statutory Committee differentiated for insurance purposes between non-residential college and hospital staffs, and those of residential schools and residential universities. But why attempt to solve this problem by the method of guessing when its explanation is carefully argued in a document which can be purchased from H.M. Stationery Office for 3*d*.? The reason for differentiation set forth by the Statutory Committee in its report on the draft Unemployment Insurance (Insurable Employments) Regulations, 1937, may seem to you a bad reason—or a good reason outweighed by a better. But it is misleading to your readers to suggest that no reason at all (other than undue respect for public school influence) actuated the Statutory Committee. If one good guess deserves another, I should like to hazard the guess that you commented on the Committee's decision without reading its report!

MARY STOCKS

Bridport.

[No. We had read the report. Perhaps we should not have said "guessing"; but we meant the word to suggest that we found the explanation therein offered inadequate. It was mainly that the workers in question (in colleges) enjoyed security of tenure and (in schools) were closely analogous to private domestic servants. We ventured to doubt if the reasons for exemption would have been regarded as sufficient, at any rate in the case of Universities, if the institutions in question had been socially less influential. It is not the practice of the Insurance Scheme to exempt the "good lives" if it can help it.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

"MILK FOR SPAIN" TOKENS

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to the "Milk for Spain" tokens which are now on sale, price 6*d*. each, at practically every Co-operative shop in the country? Through the magnificent assistance of the Co-operative Union and the Co-operative movement generally, it has been possible to create a selling organisation greater than has ever been put at the disposal of any humanitarian cause since the Great War ended. Everything now depends on the number of people who will place a regular order for these tokens, or make a point of buying them regularly at some Co-operative shop. The need of the children in Republican Spain is urgent. We who care for freedom and social justice must prevent their being starved of food, while their fathers are fighting against Fascism.

Contributions to the Fund may be sent direct to "Milk for Spain" Committee, the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1. Or, better still, send your cheque in an envelope to swell the historic collection at the Albert Hall on Sunday next.

House of Commons. ELLEN WILKINSON

VENEREAL DISEASE

SIR,—As long ago as 1923, the report of the "Trevethin Committee on Venereal Disease" was published by the Ministry of Health.

The findings of the Committee were definitely favourable to the policy of the education of the public in scientific methods of Prevention, but not only has nothing been done towards implementing them but this Society, the only organisation working for the diffusion of such knowledge, has met with unremitting hostility from certain quarters. We desire to bring to the notice of your readers a striking instance of this hostility.

This Society is sponsoring a film entitled "The Price of Ignorance" and application was made to the L.C.C. for authority to exhibit it in that body's area. This authority was granted subject to the excision of all reference to the possibility of Prevention, so that those seeing the film (now showing at the Rialto, Coventry Street) are not permitted to learn that these diseases can be prevented, and even the address of the Society has been deleted.

This is, we suggest, a particularly harmful kind of censorship, and entirely out of step with contemporary thought.

NORMAN ANGELL	ANGUS GRANT (Hon. Sec.)
R. A. LYSTER (Chairman)	RUSSELL
BASIL PETO (President)	JULIAN S. HUXLEY
ALVA BENJAMIN (Hon. Treas.)	H. G. WELLS

National Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease,
4 Fitzroy Street, London, W. 1.

DRINK AND TOBACCO

SIR,—The humorous confessions of "Y. Y." sufficiently emphasise the fact that tobacco is a sticker. This we know from observation as well as from conversation with the addicts, and with those who have succeeded in emancipating themselves from the clutches of this drug.

"Y. Y." is evidently a wit. His article has copy value, but it contains many untruthful statements. He is particularly at fault in persistently ignoring or in contradicting the fact that smoking, as we have it to-day, is an outstanding nuisance; and it argues nothing to say the smokers don't find it such.

It is a reasonable conclusion that the habit should never be acquired; and we gather from his own words that is really the verdict of "Y. Y." himself. It is truly a misfortune that our young people, both male and female are continually joining the ranks of the smokers; and an easy corollary is that it is a great pity they should receive constant encouragement from the example of their elders—their parents, teachers and ministers of religion

Collingham. T. F. TAYLOR

SIR,—The article by "Y.Y." in your issue of December 11th under the title "Talking about Drinking," makes amusing reading, but there is a serious side to the question which I think would interest your readers.

First of all, with regard to the B.B.C., the fundamental basis of the charge which the organised Temperance Movement makes against the Corporation is that whilst it professes to preserve an attitude of neutrality on what is admittedly a controversial question, it repeatedly invites to the microphone well-known propagandists of various sections of the liquor trade without providing

any facilities for the statement of the opposite point of view. This can hardly be termed neutrality.

It may appear somewhat ridiculous to protest about references to drink in variety programmes but when one reads in the last Annual Report of a well-known firm of distillers a statement to the effect that this company, by negotiations with concert parties and variety artists, etc., has been able to get its products mentioned in their programmes, it will be seen that the B.B.C. may, unless scrupulous watchfulness prevails, become an unwitting medium for liquor trade publicity.

With regard to the press, a situation which is the negation of freedom prevails. The Newspaper Proprietors Association has entered into a mutual agreement with their members that they will not publish in the newspapers any advertisements which criticise or attack products which are advertised in their columns. Our attention has occasionally been called to the refusal by provincial newspapers to advertise Temperance meetings because the announcement of the meeting contained some reference to its objects. The same sort of prohibition applies to many of the big bill-posting undertakings in the country.

On the other hand, it is gratifying to record that there are an increasing number of newspapers and other publications which refuse to publish drink advertisements of any kind.

The United Kingdom Alliance, H. CECIL HEATH,
1 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. General Secretary

CHARLES DARWIN

SIR,—Lifting my head—bloody, perhaps, but unbowed save in astonishment—amid the ruins of Mr. Anthony West's raid upon my biography of Charles Darwin, I should like to suggest that for all his fury of high-explosive, incendiary *and* gas bombs he has missed his mark with almost Japanese pertinacity. His trouble is that he can see only blacks and whites, and accordingly can construe only as an attack upon a man the suggestion that his declaredly valuable work (see pages 238–40, 315–6, and 329–30), whatever it held of the truth, was not and could not be, any more than any other human thinking, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So he accuses me of "dragging in" "German" "perversions" of Darwin's views to "damn my man" and to "convict" him as "guilty" of "a scientific crime." In point of fact my book had the evidence (pages 316 and 318) that we need no resort to Germany, either in Darwin's day or ours, to encounter such "perversions," but that is relatively trivial beside the larger misconception of my desire either to "damn" or to "convict" Darwin or in any way to associate him with "scientific crime." I am fully persuaded that Darwin was one of the greatest and least culpable scientists that ever lived; his inevitable shortcomings—which my book by no means stresses in the degree that Mr. West's review would suggest—were not those of the individual scientist but rather of science itself in common with all other human thinking.

Mr. West similarly misses the point in saying that I portray Darwin as "a typical self-satisfied middle-class Victorian, and his theory as a rationalisation of the commercial ethics of his time," and that it is my thesis that "our animal brain cannot produce *anything but* animal thought" (my italics). Both these assertions as they stand are flatly untrue. Had I conceived Darwin as *merely* a typical, etc., Victorian and his theory as *merely* a rationalisation, etc., I should never have thought of writing a book about either. My real thesis was rather that no human thinking (call it scientific or what you will) can escape a certain—I would say variable—degree of conditioning by material circumstances: the only objection to which is surely its complete obviousness. And that in that connection the degree to which Darwin did accept his Victorian environment, and the degree to which his theory does suggest a rationalisation, are not without interest and importance.

Did space permit I should like to expand the further points: (1) that when Mr. West damns my supposed view of "the way in which scientists work," he is damning *not* my view but the view I was myself countering; (2) that I cannot believe that any fair reading of my book would support the view that I "dislike Victorians"; and (3) that the two cases he quotes of the supposed trivialities are both biographically relevant details, if admittedly minor ones. But I will say no more of these, only repeating what one could never have guessed from Mr. Anthony West's review—that my book was throughout written in admiration for, not denigration of, its subject. GEOFFREY WEST

22 Lathbury Road, Oxford.

Miscellany

THE STORM

AT last I have been in a great storm. To-day this is hard to believe. Looking at the miles of reed-and-mud flat and the wide, quiet water of the estuary, passing like the smile dying peacefully from a face, it does not seem possible that a gale was loose at the height of the spring tides a week ago. It is incredible that the place was then white with foam, the light changing every few seconds as the shrill shadows of the squalls came across, the bridge to the island impassable and this building, with its mill tower, hammered by dull waves and drenched with spray to the top windows like a lighthouse.

A novelist who often encourages me in my writing came to see me the day after the storm, when the air of the house was still sour with the smell of sea-water and the last of that great wind was humming in the steel windows. "My boy!" he exclaimed. "What copy! What a scene for a novel! The tide rising, the gale driving behind it, the water smashing down the walls, bursting the floor-boards and rising in the rooms, while inside the house some tremendous crisis is going on and no one can get out. A quarrel, a rape, a murder, a robbery. You must write that! It's a gift." This is what happens when talented people write for the films, where one is not allowed to do things by halves as life does them. Copy, of course, is what you have not seen; he had not seen the storm, and perhaps he was right. The only tragedy that occurred in our house was that a pair of sweet roast chicken were ruined in the oven and, in other houses, on that day, I heard everyone else had lost their lunch. I believe I am right in saying that not a single rape reached its climax in the village at the height of the storm. No; my own gain was something smaller but satisfactory. I had never been able to say in places where the experienced gather: "This is the worst gale on this coast since '07." But now I can say it. The people of authority in our neighbourhood: the publican, the man in the gravel trade, the man in plus-fours, the naval pensioner, two or three boatmen, a fishmonger who remembers when the estuary was frozen like the Baltic in the 'eighties, and an elderly lady who will never forget that December day, a generation back, when Captain Blank rushed into the tempest and came ashore with a lavatory seat round his neck—the people in authority say our storm was the worst for thirty years. I have graduated in calamity. I have become a wiseacre at last.

As storms go, no doubt it was nothing much unless you were out at sea. We were not in that dramatic situation. Ours was absurdly ambiguous. Standing by the sea's edge in landlocked waters that leave us grotesquely high and dry, our brick stilts in the mud when the tide goes down, and lapped prettily by the water when it is high, we are neither one thing nor the other. The house consists of a strong, tarred mill tower as stout as a Martello with buildings attached, and from it, at all hours, we look out over the dark-green waste of reeds and the cushions of black sea mud to the swelling or dwindling coil of water in the channel. This is the feeding ground of the birds, the gulls, the dunlin, the curlew; and of the swans, which come down in slender and silent flotillas when there is enough water to bring them, or rise on a new impulse, thrash the sea and pass like a flight of mad, white violins to the other shore. Further away, like a scattering of little black commas, are the duck and the teal, and soon, when the weather is colder, the wild geese will arrive.

To the cries of the birds you become indifferent; but the sight of the water in the estuary is another matter. Every hour you go to the window to see what it is doing. Is it blue and wide? Is it like slate or is it silvery and indigo? Is it opening like a ribbed wing over the creek or is it running away until it is as slim as an eel? Men come down the street

and consider these changes. People appear at windows. No mind is empty that considers the sea. At the public-house it is always mentioned, and men get up and look over the short curtains on the window and then sit down in silence as if they had received an indescribable satisfaction. They ask about the tide as they ask about the handsome and elusive daughter of the publican. Has she gone? Is she back? Is she on her way in or on her way out? It is the same with the blue tide in the creek.

The chief of these water-watchers is the naval pensioner. With nothing to do all day and brought up by the Royal Navy to eternal meditation on law and discipline, he looks at the sea, round-shouldered and guilty like a man in dread of a policeman's hand. He was wrong about our storm, hopelessly wrong. When the gale rose and other people barricaded their doors, he declared it was nothing—and was nearly washed out of his house. On the next day, when the wind dropped and nothing happened, he took the "women-and-children-first" attitude, sent his wife to bed at noon, rolled up his trousers and stood defying the flood which never came. He is a pale man, with little hair, a dyspeptic eye, inclined to colourless assurance, unemphatic despair and general fussiness. When the cellar filled at the pub, it was he who went down in the interests of our beer, to bail the water out, slipped on the step and sat down neck-deep among the floating barrels. There was justice in that. He lives in a liver-coloured villa nearby with an awful pot in its window. A generation ago artists used to come down and paint the mill; it was a "subject." Nowadays they paint the villa and the flower-pot of the pensioner.

Somehow it has become one of the duties of the pensioner to "keep an eye" on the mill. And so when the gale rose we heard him in the house calling out. He appeared at last upstairs in the bedroom in thigh boots—he wears these even for six inches of water—shouting: "Are you there? Are you there? It's all right." The water hadn't been in the mill for two hundred years, he said, and there was no need to worry. In half an hour and two hours before high water the sea was at our windows, and we were separated from our watchdog and the mainland by a stretch of racing sea. Sky and sea rushed on together. Fences were vanishing, walls submerging. Where the pensioner's cabbages had been there was a tempest, and the sea poured inland until you saw the spray flying in the fields and waves breaking under the trees. We saw no more of him.

The trouble with this kind of tide when it has a gale behind it, is that you may keep it out of your doors and windows and live an aquarium life in the strange white water-light and stillness of your room; but after the water has swept by it will come in through a mouse-hole in the wall or through the cracks of the wainscot and floor-boards. That is what happened to us. Very soon one of our floors became convex, and the furniture began to rock on it. The wainscot parted from the boards as if someone underneath were prising us open with a hammer. The question was whether to leave the furniture to keep the floor down or to remove it in case that part of the house foundered. A salty coldness came into the air as the waves cascaded upon the panes and came through the planks. The beetles, the spiders and sea-lice hurried out and stood in bewildered groups. Then down the steps into the mill room poured a mild stream that did not stop for two or three hours.

We had gone to an upper room by this time, and when we could see through the windows we saw curious things. The pub, which is on the sea, took the waves full on. Its garden wall had vanished. Ourselves, we had the spray over our roof and there was a bent chimney which seemed to be dropping curtseys and did drop bricks. More alarming was the behaviour of a near wing of the house. The bathroom rose and fell—it is no gimcrack structure—and the verandah, which is on this side of the house, rose and fell with it. Presently a bigger wave, one slow and like a hippopotamus or an enormous gladstone bag, threw boulders against the brick pillars, there was a scream of wrenched wood, and the verandah left us. There are twenty feet of it. Complete with floor and rails it sidled out like a pleasure steamer from a quay, and, ducking pleasantly, went out to sea. It was a brave sight. A wheelbarrow and some planks which followed it could not manage this sporting course. They returned. But out went the verandah. Like the *Southend Belle* it sailed, turned skilfully some hundred yards from the shore and then steamed back, circling in a leisurely way until it found the lee of the mill. There its character changed. From a frolicking cruiser it became a battering-ram in these narrower waters. Down went its bows like a bull's horns, and it charged the house. We lost our first tiles then. It charged again. More tiles. Then the wooden gangway, plank by plank, the larder, the dustbin, the flower pots. On it came at the wall again. Was it going to batter down the door and let in the full stream of the sea? We could merely barricade the door and bet on its chances. I had read my Victor Hugo on the man and the gun too recently to wade waist-deep into the swirl and tackle a verandah at the crowning moment of its life. Yet, with the inconsequence of sea-going vessels, it did nothing. Quietly, buckling the submerged fence, it went aground and fast. On the days that followed we listened to passers-by guessing where the thing had come from; like the donkey's tail in the blindfold game, it was attached to every possible part of the house and chiefly to the top of the mill.

The loss of the verandah had revealed structural weaknesses. We knew one room was jumping like a cake-walk. We did not know until afterwards that one of the brick walls had split from top to bottom and that its main supporting pillar was well out of line. We could do nothing but paddle and argue, three hours after high water, whether the tide was making or falling. The point was still metaphysical. We had a fine tiled swimming pool in one room—we got three hundred buckets-full out of it later, doing the last eternal inch with a broom and dust pan. After a few hours it got rather cold to the feet. But nothing happened, nothing serious. As I remember it, the only serious thing was the behaviour of the publican. At the height of the storm she came out in grey bloomers—her skirt flew over her head at once—and went down what had been a path, waist-deep in water and clinging to the wall. She said she did this because she "wanted to see what it was like outside."

In the pub that night everybody told his tale. There was a ritual about coming into the pub. You opened the door, put a look on your face and said: "Been a drop of water about, I hear." Then you went to the bar and nodding to the flooded cellar you said: "Remind me to bring you a goldfish." Then you went on to "Beer's salt to-night." And salt reminded you that no one would need to put salt on the garden cabbages when they boiled them, now. The publican said, like a refrain, "We saved the beer." And one wit added "And the Player's Weights." It was a pity, they said, old Jack (the pensioner) didn't get his mouth to the tap of one of "they barrels" when he slipped down on his backside, and Jack diverted the talk to a long discussion about whether a duck can be drowned. A man with eight small children said "It's a bloody . . ." But the publican called out "Stop swearing. We've had a narrow escape and we feel religious." And then they said that since '07 there hadn't been a gale and a tide together like this one. That was what I had been waiting for all my life: not crisis, not copy, but to be able to feel (and talk) as Noah must have felt and talked after the Flood.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SICKERT

WALTER SICKERT, as I shall continue to call him though he is apt to call himself Richard, is not only the best English painter alive, he is our living and lively old master. "Old master," I say, not because he has ceased to experiment and even play tricks with his trade, but because whatever he may

do in the future is unlikely much to alter his place in public esteem. His eminence is recognised by everyone in England who cares for and understands painting. And even people who neither care nor understand, politicians and journalists for instance, speak of him with respect, acclaiming his art conspicuously British. In this they mistake. The subjects of his pictures, to be sure, are as often as not what more lyrical writers than I might call "racy of the soil": he delights in shabby modern London as much as in eighteenth-century Bath; he has a taste for that English invention the Music Hall; he enjoys English "characters," and English jokes he enjoys only too well; while in his predilection for Dieppe he may also be accounted insular. Superficially, his attitude to life is becoming quaintly John Bullish; but his art, his painting, is nothing of the sort. His ancestors are not Gainsborough and Constable, but Whistler and Degas.

At the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street have been brought together, with some difficulty I surmise, fifty of what are described as Sickert's "early paintings." A few may have been done in the small "'eighties"—there are no dates in the catalogue—while one or two I recognise as belonging to the last years of the war: the rest were painted somewhen between. It is a fine pleasure to see ranged side by side so many first-rate works by a living artist and a friend, and I am deeply grateful to whomever it was that hunted them out, though I could wish he had hung them farther apart. In the earliest works the influence of Whistler is clear enough; in the rest the influence of Degas is always appreciable and never comes amiss. Whistlerianism disappears soon and for good like fog in September; but the influence of Degas remains like a sharp and essential sapid in a well-made sauce. There was a time, indeed, when I believed that Sickert was no more than a greatly gifted disciple of that great and grumpy old Frenchman, who, by the way, professed admiration for the younger artist and affection. But I was wrong. As this exhibition proves, there has always been an essential Sickert, with temperament and technique of his own, distinguishable from those of any other artist, and this distinct character, as time goes on, comes more and more to the front, becomes dominant.

Sickert has toyed with technical theories galore: he has almost obliterated beautiful drawings under a network of neatly ruled red lines, he has crowded his margins with written notes and indications: as for aesthetic doctrines, he has poked fun at plenty—my own amongst others. In practice, however, he has trusted only his proper sensibility; few good painters have dealt less in programmes. To tell an artist to trust his sensibility is to give excellent advice, always provided he has sensibility in which to trust. Anyhow, it is the only advice that has much sense in it, seeing that, in the last resort, sensiblity is all that an artist has to depend on. An insensitive artist is a contradiction in terms. No work of art was ever begun or ended by taking thought alone. Sickert has trusted his; with what results you may see for yourself. Look into any one of these pictures. Observe a scratch here, a hatching there, here a blob or squiggle of trickling paint, there what looks at first sight like a burr of confused lines: not one of them but is admirably expressive, and descriptive, too. These things were not done according to plan; they record the direct and excited vision of an artist.

That vision is Sickert's own even more than his peculiar method of rendering it. If his colour—doubtless the most excellent of his qualities—and his drawing often remind us of Degas, they never remind us of *a* Degas. His pictures, always distinguished and subtle and sometimes magnificent, are never mechanical, and since Venetian days, at all events, have been unmistakable. Sickert is always discreetly but sensibly Sickert; that is why he is a master. Talented artisans and thoughtful technicians, though by no means as common as blackberries, are probably less rare than medlars. Individual sensibility is a thing apart; and he who has it and can express it gives the world something that neither knack nor perseverance can begin to supply. As Sickert himself once put it: my pictures are like the clippings of my toe-nails; they grow out of me and I have cut them off, and that is all I know about it. And that is why an exhibition of his pictures is an artistic event.

CLIVE BELL

SOME NEW MUSIC

THE Christmas season brings a lull in the musical activities of our leading orchestras, but in the beginning of December there was quite an outburst of first performances of new works. The B.B.C. gave a concert of English music which included new choral works by John Ireland and William Walton, and the Courtauld-Sargent Concert Club gave a first performance in this country of a new Concerto for viola and orchestra by Paul Hindemith, entitled *Der Schwanendreher*, in which the composer himself played the solo instrument.

Nobody can accuse the B.B.C. of neglecting English music, and the persistent efforts of this Corporation to thrust it—good, bad and indifferent—down the public's ears has been a welcome even though an extreme change from the pre-war snobbery, which pretended to think that the home-made article must be inferior to the imported. But it is very strange what a complete reversal of attitude has taken place! Nationalism, which before the war concerned itself only or chiefly in guns and trade, has now invaded the arts everywhere throughout Europe, and thus in music it may be said that every composer can find a ready market for his products in his own country if not anywhere else. Whether this in the long run will not turn out as badly for him as the previous snobbery, owing to which no prophet could find any honour in his own country, is in my opinion more than doubtful. Indeed, I am not at all sure that this partisanship will even stop at national divisions; sectarianism is again rife to-day, and the result of a spread of this dividing spirit may well mean woe to any composer or artist who dares to stand outside all sects and be totally independent. He may have the satisfaction of standing alone, but he will be left standing alone, and if he is a musician this will mean that he will not be heard at all, and the public will have no chance to find out whether there is anything in his music or not.

If I am thought to be groundlessly pessimistic, I would merely point to the emergence during the past few weeks of "The Ernest Bloch Society," which has arranged a series of three public concerts and published a considerable literature, setting forth the aims of the Society as follows:

(1) To develop among musicians and the music-loving public a greater interest and appreciation of the music of Bloch by encouraging and arranging performances of his works.

(2) To form a library of Bloch's complete works for the use of members of the Society.

(3) To publish a pamphlet containing a complete list of compositions, etc.

(4) To make possible more gramophone records and miniature scores of the works of Bloch.

(5) To keep members informed in advance of all important performances of Bloch's works.

(6) To report at intervals on the progress of the Society and to arrange meetings for lectures on and performances of Bloch's music.

(7) To serve as a public bureau for all information concerning Ernest Bloch's music.

(8) The Society will endeavour to obtain for its members reduced prices for any concert at which Bloch's works are being performed.

My feeling on reading this is one of intense sympathy for Ernest Bloch, who would have to be a titanic genius to survive such a propaganda. But what is the reason for this outburst, which at least ostensibly is on Bloch's behalf, although in reality it is most unfair to him? The reason is simple. Although the name and the music of Ernest Bloch have been known for many years in Europe and America, it has suddenly been discovered that his music is "Jewish." He himself entitled one of his compositions, written in 1913, *Trois poèmes juifs*, in addition to which there is his symphony *Israel* (1912–15) and his rhapsody *Schelomo* (Solomon), which was recently conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert.

Ernest Bloch is a decent honest composer whose work has been well known for the last twenty years to music-lovers

without making any deep impression. What is the reason for making such a fuss about it now? Merely because the fact that it can be described as "Jewish" is, in these days of sectarianism gone mad, an asset whereas before it was almost a liability. In character Bloch's music has most affinity with that of Max Bruch, of whom it has been written: "His music gives little to discuss and nothing to quarrel about." I need hardly say that I do not think this is a specifically "Jewish" characteristic any more than it is an English, German or French one. All ready-made classifications and categories are a boon to those who have no direct aesthetic perception or feel that they cannot rely on what perceptions they have and I can foresee this sort of "scientific" appreciation spreading more and more as people lose the vitality and the leisure for genuine personal experience and want to know beforehand what to think and feel about the music they hear.

I shall conclude by giving a few personal impressions of the new pieces I mentioned at the beginning of this article. John Ireland's *These Things Shall Be*, a setting of very well-meaning but uninspired verses by John Addington Symonds has some of the quality of the poem:

> Nation with nation, land with land
> Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
> In every brain and heart shall throb
> The pulse of one fraternity.

Blameless sentiments do not make great poetry and Mr. Ireland's music echoes without reinforcing the words while his musical style may be described as Elgarian. I liked better his *London Overture* which preceded; it was more compact and vigorous. Had Mr. Ireland treated Symond's verses ironically something might have come of his setting, but I fear his heart is where his brain ought to be.

Mr. Walton suffers from quite the contrary disability; his brains are everywhere not only in his head but spread throughout his whole musical anatomy. This must be the reason why his music, although so energetic, sounds to me somewhat hollow. Nevertheless, his new choral work, *In Honour of the City of London*, has decided merits. It is well-written and has at times a very pleasing texture. Also, his taste is good—witness his choice of Dunbar's wonderfully fine poem. The poem, however, to my mind, completely eclipses the music and chiefly because I feel Dunbar's heart was in it, whereas I don't feel that Mr. Walton's heart is in this music at all. Something similar might perhaps be said of Hindemith's *Der Schwanendreher*, but one must admit that Hindemith has a more genuinely personal style and there is a conspicuously fine section after the *fugato* in the second movement of this work, while the final variations are an example of beautiful musical craftsmanship.

W. J. TURNER

FOR CHRISTMAS CONSUMPTION

Ali Baba Goes to Town. At the Gaumont (from Sunday).

Heidi. At the Regal.

Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel. At the Tivoli (from Monday).

True Confession. At the Plaza.

Thoroughbreds Don't Cry. Lately at the Empire: now at the Ritz.

"Noel! Noel!" carol the Masters of the Screen, doling out to their surfeited subjects seasonable dollops of pantomime, romance, cloak and sword, little girlies, little boysies, gee-gees, and—heaven be praised—real humour too. Not just jolly romps with the kiddies, but wit, political satire. I don't think there has been a better Eddie Cantor than *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, I don't really think there has been one so good. America has always possessed, more than any other great nation, the ability to laugh at herself—it is perhaps her greatest claim to civilisation; but as a rule her brightest achievements in this vein do not cross the Atlantic. While our home-grown musical comedy treads wearily the well-worn paths, simpering beneath the same faded roses that did duty in *Floradora*, Broadway has been witnessing a chain of hilarious satires. Merely to read the script of *Of Thee I Sing* was a delight; how one longed to see and hear it. Now comes from Eddie Cantor a parody of Rooseveltiana broad enough to please the ordinary movie-fan, but guaranteed to convulse the Foreign Office and the Economic Advisory Council into the bargain.

Eddie gets involved with a film company making a million-dollar movie about Ali Baba. His first location contact, with a horde of mounted Arabs, sends him to hospital; on his recovery, allowed to "extra" as one of the thieves, he gets confused and, instead of "two sedative pills at twelve o'clock" takes twelve at two o'clock. Fast asleep in his jar, he dreams that he is transported to the real Baghdad: the old and ever-fresh theme of the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. Economically, things are in a bad way in Baghdad; but Eddie soon explains New Deal prosperity schemes to the delighted Sultan. He must put a tax on wives, and a tax on camels per cylinder ("I mean hump"); he must build bridges, and, if there are no rivers, trench out rivers to flow under them; he must construct roads—"Where to?" gasps the Sultan, and "What do *you* care?" murmurs the innocent Eddie, and is instantly off again planning fresh expenditure. His popularity, already extreme, is increased by the admirable hot numbers he extracts from the Sultan's negro band; the effect is magical—the wicked have to dance, like Monostatos to the bells of Papageno. He can even summon from nowhere a honey-throated trio of massive bulk—the Dr. Johnson Sisters, shall we say? For family reasons the Sultan is advised by Eddie to abdicate and run for President. In spite of an admirably managed publicity campaign ("Vote for Abdication Abe: Every Man a Sultan: Every Home a Harem") it is to Eddie himself that the votes go. He protests ("I can't even fish"), and, while a nonagenarian Supreme Court declares the Election unconstitutional, escapes on the flying carpet, whose formula the magician had never been able to find. Eddie finds it at once: it is "Inflation." That scene is pure Aristophanes in which he bangs his head against the roof every time the word is mentioned; the succeeding sequence where he fights his enemies from the air is pure Disney; and—to one that has been long in Britain pent—the whole thing is pure Heaven.

When I dropped into the Regal, a little late, Shirley Temple was pawkily learning to milk a mountain goat, and already the air was damp with sighs of "Isn't she a little mischief?" and "Well, whatever next, the pet?" Presently her grandpa appeared, an old peasant as hairy about head and face as all twelve Oberammergau apostles rolled into one, and Shirley coaxed him from grumpiness into reading her a fairy-story. (Dream-interlude in fancy shades and fancy dress, presenting Shirley first in a clog dance of old Holland, then in a minuet, with a gallant little white-wigged boy-marquis: grown-ups feel for such precocious couples the same slightly dubious emotion which leads them to talk archly of their dogs "getting married"). The heart that beat beneath the Oberammergau beard soon thawed so much that Shirley even succeeded in getting grandpa to church on Sunday. Naturally her arrival caused a village sensation, the Pastor stopped short for a good minute in the middle of the Second Lesson, and when the hymn came nobody was surprised to hear Shirley begin it alone in a surprisingly deep contralto. There followed abduction, Shirley cheering the life of a lonely little mite in a great house, exposure of the villainous Fräulein Rottenmeier (yes), and dramatic reunion with grandpa. Really quite a nice Temple; it's absurd to pretend that the brat is not good entertainment.

The Scarlet Pimpernel is due back at the Tivoli on Monday, where, in the charming person of Barry Barnes, he is sure to delight all his admirers. Romantic costume-films are all much alike to me, but this is a pretty and efficient one, except for the Spanish Señorita of Margaretta Scott, which smacks more of Roedean than of Ronda. In *True Confession* Carole Lombard is highly diverting as a little liar so fearful that, when involved in a murder trial, she hardly knows whether she is innocent or guilty; but the director spoils an excellent satire

by an excess of that witless knockabout which is the present Hollywood vogue. *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* (no, but the audience do) is an old-time racing melodrama with three kid stars: Ronald Sinclair, a little English toff who contends bravely with unimaginably stilted dialogue; Judy Garland, an American girl with a talent for parody; and Mickey Rooney. Mickey does not steal the picture, he is the picture. Such is his vitality that I expect to find ectoplastic lumps of it still knocking about the Empire auditorium when the glamorous reign of Queen Garbo begins there on Friday. More about Queen Garbo next week.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Chinese Variety Performance at the Phœnix

The Chinese Variety Programme, under the patronage of the China Campaign Committee, was given at the Phoenix Theatre on Saturday. It was a strange mixture. The Chinese Orchestra seemed to suffer from lack of rehearsal, its pleasant monotonous batlike music placed too big a task on the one-stringed first violin. The excerpt from Chinese opera also suffered through being confined to one singer. The interval between the notes in the Chinese scale is so small as to make reception difficult and one had the impression that many of the notes and harmonies were at a pitch inaudible to western ears. The juggling was another matter. It was of its kind perfect. Mimic duels with axes and halberds seemed dazzingly dangerous. The acrobats dived through hoops of knives, whirled steel poles, cracked whips into intricate patterns, plunged over whistling banners, and made sticks come to life in their hands. It was not like western acrobats in feats of strength that they excelled, but in strange necromantic bargains sealed with inanimate objects, in particular in the fusion of movement with sound. A giant of a man rotated a great trident, bumping it off from shoulder to shoulder into the air. As it whirled the rotating prongs zoomed like a bombing aeroplane, rising and falling in a screech according to the pattern imparted to it by his body's motions and counter motions. Even more beautiful was a deep humming diabolo that sang to its master like a swarm of bees, as he coaxed it up and down its cage of string. The two plays were less good. *Agony of China* with its choruses and American group effects was not inspiring, and *The Emperor's New Clothes* gave an English cast the opportunity for some excessively occidental acting. "Oo ai'd geau onywheer for a rearl advenchar!" declaimed the star while in the background the "citizens," a debutantish group of young women, overacted in a delightful coltish way. Miss Quong was a little too westernised to be glamorous, but the evening's reward was the dancing of Al-lien Tai. To what seemed a plaintive Tartar melody, she danced before her seventh century emperor, a strange meditative *inward* dance, humming the tune to herself a little ahead of the violin, and making classical and exquisite gestures with her long sleeves and her hands. To see her was to participate, for a moment, in the exaltation of good art of whatever country and century. Behind the whole performance lay the truth, of which Mr. Gollancz and Mr. Maurice Browne, in their appeals for funds reminded us, that once again a well-fed and sympathetic left-wing audience was turning out to appreciate the art of an older and more unfortunate civilisation. I remembered Spanish concerts last year, and thought of possible Czecho-Slovakian concerts next—and suddenly I found myself trying to imagine what kind of a show the English refugees might put on, in a few years, in Mexico unless we cease to be merely spectators of tragedies which are now other people's, but which may some day be ours. Will the Latin audience understand us? Will they appreciate our English music? Our stoical jokes?

Pots at The Brygos Gallery

Mr. Haile is showing at New Bond Street what is perhaps the most interesting pottery now being made in this country. He is a Surrealist, but his pots only mildly reflect this idiosyncracy. Technically, they compel admiration, though they are often carefully asymmetrical. Most of our potters feel it necessary to wear pigtails and to slant their eyes, but Mr. Haile finds inspiration for his ornament not in China but in primitive art, like the Cerne Abbas Giant, archaic Greek work and Negerkunst. The results are personal, felicitous and often poetical in suggestion. The other potter, showing here, Mr. Dring, can do nicely when he controls his too uproarious sense of fun. To find a comic animal under our daily gravy would, we think, become rapidly intolerable. The exhibition includes a number of modern Chinese pots brought back by Julian Bell, and now being sold for the benefit of the Chinese International Student Service. These are works rather coarse in character—they are peasant pots made for common use—but they have beauty and great vitality. They are made evidently by men to whom the tradition is alive—and the result is significantly different from the over-precious works produced by English followers of the Chinese manner.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, December 18th—
Carols by the Royal Choral Society, Royal Albert Hall, 2.30.
Carols and Christmas Music by League of Arts Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, December 19th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Belief and Conduct," Conway Hall, 11.
John Katz on "Ethics and Politics," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
Great Demonstration in support of Democratic Spain. Speakers include Sir Stafford Cripps, C. R. Attlee, Herbert Morrison, Ellen Wilkinson. Albert Hall, 7. Tickets 6*d*. and 1*s*. from The Labour Party.

MONDAY, December 20th—
Schools Exhibition, Dorland Hall.
S.P.G.B. Meeting: "The Peace Pledge Movement and Socialism," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
"Bedtime Story," Garrick.
"Members Only," Gate.
World's Fair and Circus, Agricultural Hall.

TUESDAY, December 21st—
Dr. E. J. Dingwall on "The Present Position of Spiritualism in England," Conway Hall, 7.
"Choose Your Time," Piccadilly.
"Bulldog Drummond Hits Out," Savoy.

WEDNESDAY, December 22nd—
Bertram Mills Circus, Olympia.
"You Can't Take It With You," St. James's.

THURSDAY, December 23rd—
George Lansbury and Rev. Henry Carter on "Our Visit to Prague, Warsaw and Vienna," Friends House, 1.20.
"A Lady's Gentleman," Vaudeville.

as times change
SHELL changes too
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

. . the documents and records, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion,—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts to very many. . . . Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge; obscure, in lurid twilight as of the shadow of death. . . . where your human footsteps, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by Phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns and chimeras dire!

In other words Thomas Carlyle was unsuited by temperament, and otherwise ill-equipped, to conduct historical research. But though his account of the national records even in his day, is an absurd exaggeration, the stoutest heart has reason to quail before the vast accumulation of documents in the Record Office. To enter it with the determination to find out some new facts about the life of an obscure individual such as William Shakespeare needs extraordinary qualities. First of all the searcher must be able to read sixteenth century writing as easily as he reads a contemporary hand. If the documents are not legible, or are read wrong, the quest is hopeless. Then he must know what he is looking for, and have a clear idea of where he will find it. The seeker must also combine the appetite of a caterpillar and the optimism of a saint. Finally, the searcher must be able to give up his life to the search. That, one imagines, would be easy: yet it is the one obvious respect in which Dr. Leslie Hotson falls short of the ideal. By a ridiculous circumstance, the Elizabethan scholar (I will not call him a Pasteboard Norroy) who has proved best qualified to unravel new facts about Shakespeare's life is an American professor, who is tied for a part of each year to Haverford, New England, where I imagine him champing on the campus, and longing furiously for the companionship of his fellow chimeras in Chancery Lane. Dr. Hotson is the man who discovered the circumstances in which Marlowe was killed in a drunken quarrel over who was to pay for the drinks with one of Walsingham's spies; who found that Shakespeare had been bound over to keep the peace by a figure who can be recognised as the original of Slender, backed up by Mr. Justice Shallow, and who has unearthed the story of the violent quarrels between Shakespeare's father and his neighbours in Stratford. He has many clues which may lead him to find out the identities of the dark lady and of Mr. W. H. But instead of following them up, he has to give lectures, and to write books which will earn enough to pay for a few months more burrowing among our archives. Considering the vast sums which Americans have poured out in support of English scholarship, it seems to me most extraordinary that no Englishman has jumped at the glory of endowing Dr. Hotson.

* * *

I have just read his last book, *I William Shakespeare, do appoint Thomas Russell Esquire . . .* (Cape, 12*s.* 6*d.*) with the contradictory feelings of excitement and exasperation. Thomas Russell was the friend whom Shakespeare appointed as overseer of his will. He has not hitherto been identified; a London metal worker being suggested as the man by some, while Sir Edmund Chambers suggests that he was one of the Russells of Strensham in Worcester, not far from Stratford. Dr. Hotson now identifies him with Thomas, younger son of Sir Thomas Russell of Strensham, who was a cousin of the Earl of Bedford. He has unearthed all the details of Thomas Russell's life, and he tells them with flamboyant enthusiasm—partly to communicate his own excitement to his readers, and partly because, every now and then, some little fact points to Shakespeare. Thus we find Russell married the widow of the mathematician and military theorist, Thomas Digges. It has always seemed probable that Shakespeare picked up the names Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern from the engraved portrait of Tycho Brahe, whose ancestors they were, and on which they figure. Brahe knew Digges and sent him his books, and also sent four copies of the portrait to a common friend, with the request that an English poet should be asked to compose an epigram in praise of it and his works. It is extremely probable that Digges showed it to Shakespeare; who seems to have put Digges's opinions on military discipline into the mouth of Fluellen. Leonard Digges went to live with his stepfather at Alderminster, only a few miles from Stratford, and wrote the commendatory verses in the folio and the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's Poems. The elder brother, Sir Dudley Digges, invested part of his fortune in the search for the North-West passage, and was a friend of William Strachey, whose letter Shakespeare made use of in writing *The Tempest*. It is probable that Sir Dudley showed it him. A great deal of Hotson's suggestions are unproved—he is indeed more concerned with pointing out probabilities than with recording established facts. But the interesting thing is that these suggestions are not isolated. They do not stand alone but support each other.

* * *

The most striking example of the light which Hotson's pursuit of Thomas Russell has thrown on Shakespeare is with regard to *Willobie His Avisa* which, published in 1594, contains the first direct mention of Shakespeare, in commendatory verses signed *Vigilantius : Dormitanus*, and which contains a dialogue between the author, H.W. (Henry Willobie) and an old player, W. S. Scholars have hesitated to identify W. S. with Shakespeare. Hotson shows that Willobie was Russell's first wife's brother-in-law. The names *Vigilantius : Dormitanus* have recalled to scholars St. Jerome's Vigilantius, whom the saint angrily called Dormitantius. Sir Edmund Chambers describes the allusion as "apparent."

Apparent it is. Still the fourth century fury of St. Jerome does not help us much in identifying versifiers of the sixteenth. To sound the Fathers in this matter, it seems to me, is fishing too deep to catch our trouts. Surely in these contraries, Vigilantius and Dormitanus, we have no more than the scholars well-worn trick of latinizing English surnames . . . clearly the course to follow is to turn them back into English, and look for the culprits among Willoughby's fellow-students. Vigilantius—a watcher, watchman, waker; Dormitanus—from *dormitare*, to sleep lightly, or a little, to nap—sleeper, napper. On turning to the Oxford register, we discover that two youths had entered Balliol in 1590; Robert *Wakeman* of Worcestershire, son of a parson, and Edmund, or Edward *Napper* of Holywell, son of a gentleman.

This is an absolutely typical piece of Hotson detective work. But even he must have felt there was something rather lucky when it turned out that Wakeman's father had succeeded a certain Roger Shakespeare as incumbent of Flyfield Flavell, fourteen miles from Stratford, and that his mother was a certain Margery Hathaway. Napper married Joyce Wakeman. It is pretty clear that the two Oxford undergraduates (aged eighteen and sixteen respectively) wrote their famous line: "And Shakespeare paints poor Lucrece' rape" because they belonged to the local Shakespeare-Hathaway clan. Thus we have pretty conclusive evidence of Oxford undergraduates reading Shakespeare, imitating his poetry, and asking his advice in love affairs, and bantering him with his own lack of success. Dr. Hotson brings forward evidence that Shakespeare knew personally many of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators. Catesby, Winter and Grant all came from the neighbourhood of Stratford; they were friends of Ben Jonson's and were in the habit of dining at the Mermaid, while they took Clopton Manor House, adjacent to Shakespeare's house, New Place, as their headquarters, at the time of the conspiracy. Dr. Hotson suggests that we have not only references to Father Garnet in the porter's speech, but to Catesby in the character of Macbeth. I have dealt only with a part of the suggestions in this book, which is as exasperating as it is illuminating. For Dr. Hotson, not being endowed as he ought to be, has had to write it before the story is fully told, and to address it to the general public, who want something sensational rather than to "somnambulant dilettants" like myself or to the real dry-as-dust scholars. It is a pity, for the tone of the book suffers.

DAVID GARNETT

AGATHA

Death on the Nile. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Murder in the Suez Canal. By WALKER TAYLOR. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.
To Wake the Dead. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.
Bury Him Deeper. By R. A. J. WALLING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
The Case of the Lame Canary. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
The Case of the Seven of Calvary. By ANTHONY BOUCHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.
Come Away, Death. By GLADYS MITCHELL. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
Lycanthrope. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7s. 6d.
The High Sheriff. By HENRY WADE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

On the fly-leaf of Mrs. Christie's latest work is printed a list of twenty-three previous publications by her—and that does not include *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* and *The Man in the Brown Suit*, two of her best. Yet she has not finished turning out masterpieces. I am always seeing references on publishers' blurbs to the Big Four of detection, but who are they? Mrs. Christie comes first, I know that, but is there anyone in sight behind? If, below the horizon, some bold spirit is trying to catch up, he might as well drop out after reading *Death on the Nile*. Mrs. Christie is definitely *hors concours*. Not since *Lord Edgware Dies* has she achieved quite such a satisfactory texture of mystification as in *Death on the Nile*. To produce the proper stuff for detective wear, not only has the weft of events to be threaded close and neat across the warp of character, but the resulting pattern *should* gratify the senses and *must* satisfy the reason. To carry out these processes simultaneously is so extremely difficult that it is only once every few years that Mrs. Christie herself manages to achieve it to perfection. In *Dumb Witness* there was a supererogatory dog; *Cards on the Table* emphasised symmetrical design to the pitch of a linoleum pattern; in *Murder in Mesopotamia* we had to swallow a quern!—and how it stuck in our throats! *The ABC Murders* and *Three-Act Tragedy* were Christie variations on a hackneyed theme. *Death in the Clouds* was confined to the austere limits of a chess problem. And so we reach *Lord Edgware Dies*, the last of her *perfect* works until *Death on the Nile*.

Mrs. Christie has designed her latest masterpiece, as if she intended it to illustrate a text-book on detective writing. In Part I the characters are collected from different parts of the world and assembled in Egypt ready for anything; in Part II the individuals are moulded by social intercourse into a tragic group ready for murder; in Part III the predestined victim is killed and the reader should be ready with his solution. But is he? You can take your choice of motive: revenge, robbery, to escape exposure, jealousy, a political assassination or an act of social retribution. Each motive has an appropriate representative on board that Nile steamer. Those who imagine they have an inkling of Mrs. Christie's psychology will take a sly look at some of the faces. Is there a handsome man or a pretty woman about? Yes, only the pretty woman, rich, successful, a spoilt darling, the Christie type of murderess, is, unfortunately, the murderee—there has never been any question of who was to be murdered. The handsome man is her husband—aha!—well, how did he hobble about the deck with a broken leg and a syringeful of morphia in him? Can you get over that? As Poirot put it, and you can always believe Poirot: "It is more than odd—it is impossible! The sequence of events is impossible." But as Colonel Race replied (the Colonel from *Cards on the Table*, and you ought to be able to believe that Colonel, surely): "Not impossible since it happened." That is Mrs. Christie's magic—her crime is unbelievable, but her solution will not only be believed, but rapturously believed.

I wish Mr. Walker Taylor would take a post-graduate course of Mrs. Christie. While she is murdering on the Nile, he is murdering on a parallel course in the Suez Canal, but with a world of difference: Mrs. Christie's finale is inevitable, Mr. Taylor's is enforced. The plan of *Murder in the Suez Canal* is one that comes most readily to writers of detective novels with talent, but without aspirations to genius—yet it is fundamentally unsound, since detection should be a logical process, not a lottery. A middle-aged gentleman is brought aboard a liner at Port Said suffering from a perforated gastric ulcer. The ship's surgeon, fortunately a specialist on holiday, carries out an immediate operation with amateur assistance. The operation is successful, but the patient has ceased to breathe by the end of it. A post-mortem at Suez shows that the death was not accidental but murder. Commander Wraithlea, an old acquiatance from *Murder on the Flagship*, carries out an investigation on the passage down the Red Sea, and at Aden the criminal confesses. Mr. Taylor's descriptions of the operation and the passengers aboard the *Ecusia* are vivid and admirable, but it is his detective plot I quarrel with. Plenty of the assistants at the operation had some sort of motive to polish off the victim on the table, and all have an opportunity. What then? Well, one of them is selected by Mr. Taylor for the job on a psychological basis, and, to overcome our conscience on the jury, pleads guilty. To deduce the criminal all the reader has to do is to fix on someone who has a finger in the operation whom Commander Wraithlea and Mr. Taylor obviously dislike. *Murder in the Suez Canal* is too easy for us, as well as Mr. Taylor.

To Wake The Dead is exciting, but beyond one's wildest dreams fantastic. Mr. Dickson Carr does not actually go to the *au delà* for his criminal, as he did in *The Burning Court*, but his crime only succeeded because the whole universe of coincidence conspired to enable the murders to be perpetrated. The wonderfully macabre opening keys us up to a worthier explanation. A penniless young man, just arrived from South Africa, steps into a London hotel and eats breakfast, giving the waiter the number of a room he has invented. As he is leaving the hall porter asks him whether he would mind going up to his room a minute to look for a bracelet that a previous guest thinks she left there. Reluctantly he goes up and finds outside "his" room a pair of suède shoes, while a printed notice hangs on the door-knob "Do Not Disturb," with "Dead Woman" scrawled in red across it. What a pity Mr. Carr *will* run off the rails of common sense!

Mr. R. A. J. Walling has written a quiet, unassuming novel about death in the Hebrides. Old Tolefree and his Watson are marooned by a storm on an island, where they come across evidence that someone has recently been done to death by their kindly hosts. Tolefree, out of professional pride, feels obliged to fathom the mystery, but he does so in the most tactful way imaginable.

The Case of the Lame Canary and *The Case of the Seven of Calvary* are both Californian plots. Perry Mason's activities, recorded by Mr. Gardner, are as slick and readable as ever, but they should be read in an uncritical, absorbent state of mind. The only unorthodox feature in *The Case of the Lame Canary* is the conclusion, which, instead of announcing the next case, announces the marriage of Perry to Della Street. After eleven cases together that woman deserves her man.

The seven of Calvary seems to be a mysterious symbol of some sort—I would not like to say what; it is found scrawled on scraps of paper near bodies or in places where bodies are soon likely to be found. I hate the seven of Calvary; and I failed to get much entertainment out of the Case in which it appears. There is a certain indulgence in sexual promiscuity in these mixed American Universities, which ought to be stopped, if it produces the terrible sentimentality disguised as toughness with which *The Case of the Seven of Calvary* is larded. Furthermore, the book has great pretensions: the possible criminals have asterisks against their names; there is an annotated summing up of the evidence, and a challenge *à la* Ellery Queen to all comers. Whatever their acquaintance with Spanish literature, heresiology and co-eds, these Californians are innocent as unborn babes in detection. No English reader should fail at the solution, unless he gets flustered by Mr. Boucher's absurd challenge.

Miss Gladys Mitchell sends the reptilian Mrs. Bradley on a kind of Hellenic cruise in *Come Away Death*. The plot is wild; the book is long; but admirers of that old basilisk—and they are legion—will revel in her imposing qualities; understanding for children, compassion for lovers, disrespect for authority and domination for everybody.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has turned his venerable hand to a mystery story in *Lycanthrope: The Mystery of Sir William Wolf*. Sir William, a twentieth-century baronet, pulls a book out of his library one day and reads in it a strange prophecy: "Wolf shall meet wolf on New Year's Night." Being an impressionable man, he takes the prophecy to heart and hourly expects a werwolf to appear. There seems a certain justification for his credulity when a wolf-smell, a wolf-howl and wolf-tracks materialise on his estate. Finally, wolf does meet wolf on New Year's night. The

style is Edwardian; the characters are either good or wicked; the mystery is transparent; but readers may detect, on removing the dústcover, a faint aroma, not of wolf, but of lavender and old lace.

Henry Wade reveals himself on the wrapper of his latest book to be Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart., late High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire, a disclosure which puts an extra stamp of authenticity on *The High Sheriff*. In this novel, for it is not an orthodox detective story, the High Sheriff of Brackenshire is caught in the toils of blackmail by a man who threatens to expose to the County a disgraceful incident in his military career. The Sheriff, a man who has spent his whole life trying to cover his inner lack of confidence by a bold front, decides with many an indecision that in murder lies his only escape from this enemy. Henry Wade has a wonderful gift of description. The hunting and shooting world of Brackenshire, the Sheriff's wife and children, the Sheriff's own vacillations, are brought vividly before us without any artifice. The style is plain English, well written. The plot has a subtle twist at the end which we owe to Henry Wade, but for *The High Sheriff* of Bracks I prefer to thank the High Sheriff of Bucks.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

VICTORIAN ALBUM

Victorian Panorama. By PETER QUENNELL. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

The family photograph-album, despite its historical and sentimental interest, usually provokes mirth when it is opened. Who is going to be deterred from laughing at the grotesque appearance of people dressed in the fashions of yesteryear by the reflection that the joke will soon be on them, that a future generation regarding their photographs will find them every bit as comical? So I feel sure that Mr. Quennell's family photograph-album of an entire age will cause a great deal of amusement. But I feel equally sure that this amusement will be only one element, and that inconsiderable and transient, in the reaction of an intelligent person to the Quennell Victorian album. He will soon find himself taking it very seriously as an illuminating pictorial survey of Victorian manners and customs in high life and low, in the country and in the town, in the home and in public places, and will be stimulated to a closer and more sympathetic study of the photographs by Mr. Quennell's literary commentary. He will then discern how much they can help him to view the past as it was once viewed, not as the past but as the present. "The camera's lens," Mr. Quennell writes in his foreword, "serves as our look-out in a vanished world." It might be argued that before the invention of photography the painter and the sculptor provided such a look-out, and the argument is not disposed of by Mr. Quennell's contention that their arts, owing to their subjective nature, cannot show us people and things to the life as faithfully as the objective camera, and so are of less value in fixing a true image of what they were really like. The objectivity with which the camera does its work is indisputable, but there is a man behind it on whose eye the nature and quality of the work depend. A proof of this dependence is that all the improvements effected in the mechanism of the camera have not led to any marked advance in photographic art. While the mechanism was still in an experimental stage, Nadar, Octavius Hill and Fox-Talbot produced photographs which, judged by the aesthetic standard, have never been surpassed. The examples of their pioneer work chosen by Mr. Quennell demonstrate the truth of this, and of his comment that Hill, like Nadar, "had a finely developed sense of human character, and an extraordinary aptitude for registering its evanescent impressions." He is less enthusiastic about Fox-Talbot. "He was not a great photographer." The reason given for this opinion—that "his ultimate concern was with the scientific process rather than with its aesthetic results"—is not supported either by the still life of a Victorian breakfast-table or by the beautiful group, "Mother and Children." Both these carefully composed pictures suggest that Fox-Talbot was as ambitious as were Nadar and Hill to "élever la photographie à l'hauteur d'un art." By the way, writing of Nadar's work in the first chapter "The Beginnings of Photography," Mr. Quennell alludes to a portrait of George Sand, "who is photographed wearing a large seventeenth-century peruke in which she bears a remarkable and sinister resemblance to Louis Quatorze." Surely this is not the portrait reproduced. In that there is no peruke, and, perhaps consequently, no resemblance to Louis Quatorze. However, many of Mr. Quennell's descriptions of the photographs in his collection are far-fetched. There is no ocular proof at all of the "not particularly clean shirt" he says Balzac is wearing in another Nadar portrait.

"Personality is often lost behind a thick period-glaze." Mr. Quennell says this of the painter's portraits, but is it not equally true of the photographer's portraits? Is it not largely to the typical Victorian photographer that we owe the impression of a physiognomy peculiar to the Victorian age? I am the more inclined to think so, because this Victorian physiognomy is not conspicuous in the studies of men, women and children by the great photographers of the 'forties, who did not force their sitters to adopt strained and unnatural poses. In these "natural" portraits I recognise people who in the costume of our day would look very like people living now. There may be as much difference between our mode of life and the Victorian mode of life as between a horse and an automobile, but the difference between us and the Victorians is slighter and more trifling. It is my belief that all modern writers exaggerate it, forgetting the truth that institutions and fashions and cities change more rapidly than men.

Mr. Quennell does not claim that his panorama is complete, and invites us "where gaps occur" to supply our own bridge. This encourages me to express surprise that no examples of Lewis Carroll's photography have been included in the album, and regret that a place was not found among the Victorian celebrities for Brunel, who was photographed in 1858 by Robert Howlett against a background of cables. To anyone interested in the book as a record of photography as well as a record of Victorian social life, the omission of the names of the photographers, except the very famous ones, may be a disappointment. How much one would like to render homage to the man who photographed the ladies gazing at Peter Robinson's shop window! A design for a Manet. But I am far too thankful for what I have received to make this omission or any other a grievance. And I like Mr. Quennell's commentary none the less, because it is provocative, and not constantly reliable. As an example of some ill-founded statements, let me quote this: "Never before had woman enveloped her charms in so much pomp, circumstance, and elaboration as during the Victorian epoch." Three epochs when she had immediately come to mind—the Byzantine, the Elizabethan, and the Louis Seize. It is Mr. Quennell himself who contradicts his assertion that a photograph can explain the quality that made some stage-player supreme better than any effort at description. For it is not the photograph of Marie Lloyd but his literary portrait which will make those who never saw her understand what she was like.

> We re-live her existence off the stage—the whelks, champagne, robust vulgarity and careless, open-handed generosity—and we imagine the triumphant effect of her most rousing songs—that mixture of innuendo and unblushing innocence, as different from our modern conception of popular humour as the atmosphere of a modern American cocktail bar from the dusky-golden, gloomy yet glittering illumination that glorifies the sanctum of an old-fashioned pub.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated from the German by BERNARD MIALL. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

This apparently is Herr Ludwig's first excursion into ancient history; and it is to be hoped that it will be his last. For myself I think that such a book as this would never have been written, or at least never have been published, when Mommsen and Wilamowitz were alive to maintain the traditions of classical scholarship. Herr Ludwig has hardly more knowledge of ancient Rome than a fifth-form boy possesses, and he goes out of his way to display his ignorance. In an earlier book he writes: "If a writer does not stand with reverence before the inevitable sequence of all the dates in a human life, he should never attempt the restoration of a character in history. Let him, rather, remain in the realm of undisciplined dreaming"; and if we substitute for "inevitable sequence of dates" the words "recorded facts of history," the passage is cruelly applicable to his present effort. In almost every chapter the innocent reader, hungry for knowledge, is supplied with scraps of mis-information, not merely misspellings like "Marmurra," "Ponthinus," "Artemidos," but plain misstatements of facts. He is told, for example, that "at the feast of Dionysos Caesar's wife had prostituted herself to an impudent youth in women's garments, who had concealed himself among the priestesses"; that "Caesar a little later had a law introduced in the Senate which allowed him, in the Oriental fashion, to marry several wives"; that in 58 B.C. "Rome was now impoverished as the result of the unsuccessful Persian wars in which Lucullus and Crassus were slain"; that "at the Lupercalia, an ancient observance, men struck at one another with thongs of hide with

Procrastinators—please note!

★ Our Five Shilling Christmas Gift offer is keeping the subscription department busy, but we will be able to cope with all the usual late-comers. The offer is repeated below.

★ For FIVE SHILLINGS we will post a copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to your friends at home or abroad for SIX MONTHS (26 issues). The only stipulation we make is that the recipients are not, so far as you know, already buying the paper.

★ Five Shillings is only one-third the usual rate, but we are willing to make this reduction of ten shillings for an initial gift subscription to your friends because we know that new readers introduced by present readers are most likely to continue on their own account.

★ In case anybody thinks this offer is a little hard on present readers, we point out that (1) the Gift Subscription only covers an initial period of six months, (2) we could not possibly afford to supply the paper to present readers on these terms, and (3) our offer is in place of other expenditure on circulation schemes.

★ These Five Shilling subscriptions may start from whatever date you wish, but in the absence of special instructions they will commence with our issue published on December 23rd.

★ To every recipient we will (unless we receive contrary instructions) send a postcard advising him or her that the paper is being sent under the instructions of the giver.

It is not necessary to cut out the form below if readers will state, when sending subscriptions, that they accept the conditions printed thereon.

To the Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 *Great Turnstile, London, W.C.*1

Date.....

SIR,

I wish you to post THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION every week for the next six months to the names and addresses given below.

I am a reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and propose for the next six months at least to remain so, purchasing it for myself as hitherto.

To the best of my knowledge the persons named below are not regular readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

I enclose Five Shillings per subscription on the understanding that you will bear the remainder of the cost.

(Signature).....

(Address) .....

List of friends to whom THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be sent for six months commencing with the issue dated December 25th (or any other date specified).

Name	Address

Further names and addresses may be added on a separate sheet if desired. Please write clearly.

the hair left upon it." It may be said that these are small points, but our author makes many other statements even more surprising. Caesar did *not* write the *Bellum Alexandrinum;* Antony did *not* find Caesar's will among the papers which he seized; Arria did *not* say to her husband "Paete, non dole!" which seems to be Ludwigian Latin for "Don't cry, Paetus."

It is a pity that Herr Ludwig has so mishandled a great subject; but he has at least left some other author the opportunity to write an account, based on knowledge, of the most wonderful woman in history. Cleopatra's life was so full of vicissitudes, her influence on the fortunes of Caesar, Antony, and Octavian was so decisive, her own character is of such absorbing interest, that in writing of her no flights of imagination are necessary. When the Greeks lost faith in Olympian gods they set up Fortune in their place as the ruler of men's lives, and it was Fortune alone that prevented Cleopatra from realising Alexander's dream of universal empire. Her sex and her nationality compelled her to use her two Roman lovers as the instruments of her plans, and then twice, just as victory seemed in her grasp, Fortune intervened and broke the instruments in her hands. F. A. WRIGHT

AN ESCAPIST

Leaves from a Missionary's Notebook. By STEPHEN TENNANT. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

One of the few unpleasant things still to be called is an escapist. It is a term of literary abuse like "hack," "dead," "vulgar," which still carries a meaning. "Oh, he's just an escapist," "He adopts the ostrich attitude," "But unfortunately for Mr. So-and-So, this is 1937," "It is bad art—because it is escapist art," one is always coming across these expressions. Of course, they mean nothing. If one escapes from Dartmoor, or a concentration camp or the family business, one is a hero. "What an escape he's had!" The presumption is always that a literary escapist is escaping from reality when as a rule he is only escaping from one reality—which has no artistic potentiality for him, into another reality, which has. Too often "an escapist" or "escapist art" is simply a name for someone or something which does not fit into a definition of art or artists. Thus if the best art is that which reflects most closely the life of our time, it is a nuisance if Firbank should prove a better artist than others who took more seriously the events of 1914 to 1918. Call him an escapist.

In fact, the idea of flight is a potent source of artistic inspiration, and an escapist is only to be blamed when he escapes unconsciously from difficulties which he will not face into an unreal element—as when a serious artist escapes from his conscience into the haven of public speaking, journalism, or political propaganda. As to the ostrich metaphor—one is always reading of these birds sticking their heads in the sand, but never of them being caught that way.

Here is a little book by an escapist. His head is very efficiently buried, and the sandstorm blows over it. Stephen Tennant's drawings are supported by the flimsiest captions, but they make clear the fate of Felix Littlejohn who accepted his "call" to the conversion of the heathen without reckoning on the effects on them of rum, the climate, music, and the semi-permanent visits of the American Navy. The book is a kind of pictorial Firbank, with Bangiwali, Mandiwani, as the Cuna-Cuna. It is a delicious tropical port, with piles of fruit on the quays, endless night-clubs, and a real volcano. One feels it once belonged to the Portuguese, and has a Manueline cathedral, while the English left an eighteenth-century town-hall, and the French a small hotel with an excellent cellar. All now belongs to the American Navy. Such a picture-book, with its rather hackneyed theme, its young clergyman and maiden ladies, would be nothing out of the ordinary, were it not for the lyrical beauty of the drawings, and especially the drawings of flowers. The sprays and tendrils of the orchids, the feathery palms, the shells by the sea-shore are a kind of poetic vision of a better world—not better for long, because the American sailors, with their voluptuous faces and box-pew shoulders are back again—but the vision is there, as truly escapist as in a Mallarmé poem. The Notebook, I see, was compiled in 1929, and Mr. Tennant has waited eight years for a moment sufficiently unpropitious. About 1940 perhaps someone may persuade him to greet the next war with a huge coloured folio of tropical flowers. For at last that picturesque minority, the cattleyas, the cypripediums, the odontoglossums, the daturas, and the *Bois Immortel* have found someone who will give them their due. CYRIL CONNOLLY

WE can supply you personally with detailed information about any of these books which, among others on our current lists, are suitable for Christmas Gifts. (*All prices are net.*)

THE PRESENT-DAY ROCK GARDEN
By SAMPSON CLAY. An encyclopædia for the alpinist. 100 photographs. 31s. 6d.

WILD LIFE IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY
A gift edition of RICHARD JEFFERIES' classic. Illustrated by G. E. Collins. 8s. 6d.

THE CRAFT OF MODELLING RAILWAYS
By EDWARD BEAL. With 52 pages of photos and 188 illustrations. 10s. 6d.

TITLES TO FAME
Famous authors describe the genesis of their best novels. 10 portraits. 8s. 6d.

THE MAN WHO ASKED QUESTIONS
The story of Socrates, by L. A. G. STRONG. Fully illustrated. "Horizon Books." 3s. 6d.

THE AUTHORS HANDBOOK, 1938
Reference book for every author, playwright, composer, and artist. 3s. 6d.

PLEASE send a card, mentioning any title in which you are interested, to the Publicity Dept.

NELSON, 35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

MAKING AN EXAMPLE

Additions and Corrections to Sir John Fortescue's Edition of the Correspondence of King George the Third (Vol. 1). By L. B. NAMIER. *Manchester University Press.* 10s. 6d.

This important essay in the technique of editing is also one of the "curiosities of literature." Professor Namier has devoted a book to cataloguing the mistakes made by the late Sir John Fortescue in the first volume of his edition of George III's correspondence.

The reason he gives is that this is the most important collection of manuscripts used by him in his special subject class in Manchester University. But it is permissible to surmise that he wished to establish a standard of editing, and that he hoped this horrid example would act as a warning. His language is severely restrained. He shows that out of 588 documents, 151, that is more than one-fourth of the total, are misdated, insufficiently dated, or misplaced. In five cases the names of the writers or addressees of the letters are wrongly stated, and in three cases, where they can be ascertained, they are not given. Moreover, an edition which pretends to be as complete as possible omits several hundred letters for the period covered by this volume. (Apparently Sir John was content to copy, inaccurately, the letters at Windsor without going even so far as the British Museum to look for others.) And finally Professor Namier complains with justice that the edition lacks even the minimum of necessary notes upon the persons and events mentioned.

> There is practically nobody mentioned in eighteenth century correspondence who, with a little care and trouble, is not identifiable. The nature of obscure transactions discussed in the documents and letters should be briefly explained; for otherwise each scholar who uses such a collection will have to do for himself the work which, on grounds of economy, should be done for all by the original editor.

The examples Professor Namier gives of Sir John Fortescue's mistakes are painfully entertaining. Letters are misdated by seventeen, by twenty, even by seventy years. A letter, for example, to the King from Prince Joseph of Monaco written from George Street, Manchester Square, is included under the suggested date

WILL YOU LIGHT A CANDLE?

'All ye who Christians be,
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me,
It has gone out; I am not very old,
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.'

'All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me,
Who have so often prayed,
I might not be afraid?
I am a little frightened—can't you see?
Oh, light my little candle here for me.'
EDNA NORMAN (by permission)

The bitter winds of adversity have left many children in the darkness and cold. 3,943 of them are safe in the shelter of the National Children's Home. Every day brings further pathetic appeals; will you help us to respond to them?

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
OF FIVE GUINEAS

covers the admission costs of one child. Please light a candle of hope for some little one in sore distress. A photograph and particulars of the child assigned to you will be forwarded as soon as possible. Smaller gifts are also helpful; do send what you can. And will you send it now?

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

An illustrated booklet about the boys and girls you are helping will be sent to every donor

TO THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE, HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5.

I ENCLOSE MY CHRISTMAS GIFT OF £ : s. d. TO LIGHT A CHRISTMAS CANDLE IN THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME.

Name _____

Address _____

(N.S.)

CVS—36

of 1767. In point of fact Prince Joseph was not born until 1763, the first house in Manchester Square was not built till 1776, and the letter must have been written during the Revolutionary or Napoleonic Wars. There are a great number of such incomprehensible mistakes, but some of the corrections could only have been made by a scholar like Professor Namier who combines extreme erudition with the little grey cells of the detestable Poirot. Instead of giving further instances, let me quote the following sound generalisations, on which many of the corrections are based:

> There is hardly an undated document which, given reasonable care, cannot be dated, at least approximately, from internal evidence. If some people mentioned in a letter are obviously alive at the time, the first death among them marks the latest possible date for the document, and if they hold office or bear titles, the last to be acquired marks the earliest possible date for the documents. If the day of the week is given, as it often is in undated, or insufficiently dated, letters, a great deal can be done with the help of a "perpetual calendar."

Finally Professor Namier emphasises the importance for an editor of trying to ascertain whether documents have been printed before, and of tracing documents that dovetail with those he possesses. (Sir John marked forty-four letters as previously printed in the Chatham correspondence, but there are at least thirty-nine in this volume previously published in other works, besides six further letters in the Chatham correspondence, and some forty that exist in draft in well-known collections of MSS.)

The reader of this book may at moments feel a twinge of sympathy for its victim—the exposure is so devastating. But editing like Sir John Fortescue's, though not fraudulent in the eye of the law, amounts in fact to a deception practised upon the purchaser of the book, who has the right to expect reasonable accuracy. Moreover, when the first volume of this edition appeared, Professor Namier exposed its faults succinctly in the *Nation* in one of the most successfully destructive reviews ever published. The warning apparently passed unheeded, for the succeeding volumes were similarly full of errors. It would be a good thing if every editor (and every publisher) who intends to reprint documents could be obliged to study this little volume. It sets a definitive standard, and ought to act as a wholesome deterrent. R. M.

SOUTH AFRICA

Where Winter's ICY GRIP *is forgotten*

No linguistic difficulties hamper your enjoyment. No culinary deviations enforce dietary readjustment. An abundance of luscious fruits, a myriad of lovely flowers set in a blaze of scenic grandeur. A holiday in South Africa need not occupy more than eight to ten weeks, and it can be planned at a cost to suit your pocket. Consult the Travel Bureau in South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.

AN IRISH LADY

Seventy Years Young. By ELIZABETH COUNTESS FINGALL. *Collins.* 21*s.*

Lady Fingall's memoirs have been written by Miss Pamela Hinkson with considerable charm and skill, and we wish that ladies and gentlemen of high rank when they are tempted to put their memoirs into print, would more frequently thus obtain the help of a skilful professional writer. We are given very pleasant pictures of pre-war Ireland, the gay bird-like girl dancing at Viceregal balls, marrying "the Somnolent Earl," taking the Meath fences with a smile on her lovely face and a flawless habit on her neat figure, and terror in her heart. There are good accounts of George Wyndham, of the formidable Lady Londonderry (what a terrifying arrogant poll-parrot of a face Sargent's portrait of her gives to us!), of King Edward VII and a number of his friends. An anecdote of a late Duchess of Devonshire can be recommended to those who collect instances of aristocratic vulgarity. Lady Fingall is less than fair to Augustine Birrell, but speaks usually with sympathy of the most various characters. Her Ireland is pleasantly like the Russia of Chekov, Goncharov and Turgeniev, and she never shows the bitterness often found among the surviving members of the pre-war Irish governing class. There are some good ghost stories, and the best thing in the book is the affectionate portrait of that remorseless, high-minded, one-ideaed man, Horace Plunkett, into whose life she introduced a needed element of humour, vivacity and beauty. Lady Fingall recounts with amusement some of the snubs she has received, and altogether endears herself to us by her high spirits and generous sympathies. Miss Hinkson deserves special praise for making this portrait so vivid and so agreeable to read that one reader, at least, quite lost his heart to the lady depicted.

AARD-VARK TO ZORILLA

World Natural History. By E. G. BOULENGER. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Boulenger has made a catalogue of the seventeen classes of the animal kingdom, arranging them conveniently into forty-four compartments, explaining the reasons for this classification, and continually rocketing into interesting comments upon particular species. A hundred and fifty very well chosen photographs and twenty-six drawings are included with 256 pages of text in one of the best produced books at the price that have ever appeared. In a charming partly autobiographical introduction Mr. H. G. Wells shows the stimulating value of such a book to the schoolboy: "He would be a dull young man if he was not presently discussing why it was that the largest cat in the continent of America is the puma, why Old World monkeys are so short of tails, and why there is neither giraffe nor okapi nor any real equivalents to these animals in the tall forests of Brazil." More young men, we fear, are dull than Mr. Wells imagines, but every word with which he praises this book can be endorsed. Moreover the adult, ignorant of zoology, but attached to the Zoo, will find Mr. Boulenger an entrancing guide. He may be surprised by much of the information. Thus there are over half a million known species of living animals; porcupines, giraffes, fruit-bats, badgers and axolotls are prized as human food; the Sulphur Bottom whale is so large that an adult African elephant could stand inside it; pandas once roamed the English woods, there were once beavers as large as oxen, and as late as the seventeenth century a lemur about the size of a man lived in Madagascar; elephants have only four teeth; the kangaroo (at birth never more than an inch and a half long) can rest on the tail alone, strike out with both hind feet simultaneously, and disembowel a man; the chameleon's tongue is longer than its body; a snake has been known to live without food for four years; the tunny is the only fish that has a blood-temperature above that of the surrounding water. Then there are appalling stories of the devastation caused by fur-merchants. Thus of the koala in Australia over half a million adults and over 200,000 infants were slaughtered in one month in 1927: this charming little animal now survives only in a preserve near Sydney, founded—let Australians blush—by two Englishmen. Mr. Wells's only complaint against this book is that no illustration shows how terrifying is the appearance of the mantis; and we add a regret that there is no illustration of that very odd creature, the Yapock or water-opossum of Brazil, which is a marsupial with webbed hind feet. This is, we believe, the most up-to-date work on the subject that exists; it is—we echo Mr. Wells—a book to own, a book to give as a present, a book to give as a prize.

An exposure of
Germany's Foreign Policy

GERMANY PUSHES SOUTH-EAST

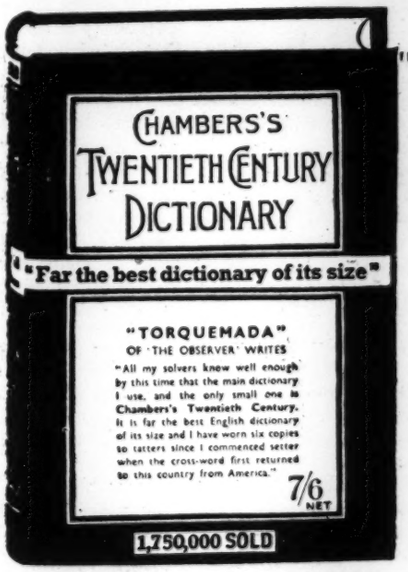
DR. GERHARD SCHACHER

Doctor of Economics at Wurzburg
Doctor of Law at Greifswald

The well-known author of *Central Europe and the Western World* is well equipped to provide a clear picture of the Central European problem, having long observed Germany's insidious influence penetrating the countries of South-Eastern Europe, and having a first-hand, intimate knowledge of the means and methods she uses to gain her influence The book is a warning, brilliantly delivered, of the menace of Nazism not only to Central Europe, but to the peace of the world

A book nobody should ignore 7/6

HURST & BLACKETT


CHAMBERS'S
TWENTIETH CENTURY
DICTIONARY
"Far the best dictionary of its size"
"TORQUEMADA"
OF 'THE OBSERVER' WRITES
"All my solvers knew well enough by this time that the main dictionary I use, and the only small one is Chambers's Twentieth Century. It is far the best English dictionary of its size and I have worn six copies to tatters since I commenced setter when the cross-word first returned to this country from America."
7/6 NET
1,750,000 SOLD

"Far the best dictionary of its size," WRITES TORQUEMADA

"It is far the best English dictionary of its size and I have worn six copies to tatters since I commenced setter" (of 'The Observer' crossword).
TORQUEMADA

7s. 6d. net

CHAMBERS'S TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY

The Stuarts

12s. 6d. *net*

A picture of the period from 1603-1724.

By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bt.

"Vivacity and Colour . . . copiously and picturesquely illustrated from contemporary records . . . a most agreeable pageant, showing the events and figures of a century in an intimate light such as few works of history can afford."—OBSERVER

Call Back Yesterday

12s. 6d. *net*

A book of letters and memories.

By LADY CHARNWOOD

"A charming book . . . I love her wisdom and love still more her humanity."—ARTHUR BRYANT.

Blasting and Bombardiering

The Autobiography of 15s. *net*
WYNDHAM LEWIS

"The vigour of pugnacity . . . the candour of an original personality."—ROBERT LYND.

Britain in Danger

An Examination of our New Navy.

By CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N.

"I am filled with alarm by the penetrating criticism. I hope it will be read with an unprejudiced mind by every Member of Parliament."—A. J. CUMMINGS. 8s. 6d. *net*

The Bible Comes Alive

By SIR CHARLES MARSTON, F.S.A. Author of "The Bible is True." 63 Illustrations. 8s. 6d. *net*

"We are all his debtors, and the results have justified him. Historians and Biblical critics alike have cause to be grateful to Sir Charles."—SIR FREDERICK KENYON

The Recall to Religion

8s. 6d. *net*

By the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and Others.

With a Foreword by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"A most valuable contribution to the cause of religion in our midst. I cordially commend the book to all for whom it has been written."—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

SHORTER NOTICES

And Then Came War. By A. C. DELACOUR DE BRISAY. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

It is difficult to decide what type of reader would benefit from this book. If it had been more simple, it might have made an excellent school history. A simple account of the causes of war is needed in modern history text books. But what schoolboy, even in the sixth form, can be expected to repeat in class, "Not only is man esurient, he is also sentient and sapient, and these factors of feeling and thinking are destined to play a huge role in the behaviour of mankind. . . ." And if one is not at school, does one want to be told this in such a pedagogic way? Esuriency, sentiency and sapiency are all muddled up with the rise of Prussia and pre-war diplomacy; the only straight bit of history is a description of the battle of the Marne. It is an excellent thing that a historian should know something about human nature, but before he begins each paragraph he should decide whether his point is to be historical or moral and not try to say everything in one breath as if we suspected him of not knowing the relation between facts and ideas. You cannot pass historical judgments without knowledge of social conditions; Mr. de Brisay will not write a book with a clear attitude until he learns some economics as well as psychology. If he then simplifies his style and plans his book page by page, he may be a great asset to education; he has the very important virtue of wanting to show that our feelings do ultimately shape history.

The Education of the Emotions. By MARGARET PHILIPS. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

The purpose of this book was to compare side by side autobiographical descriptions of the development of various sentiments and to try to draw general conclusions from them as to how they educate or discipline the emotions. (This of course assumes that a sentiment is a complex of emotions related by their common response to an object.) Two hundred and seventy-five contributors wrote accounts of some four hundred sentiments—family love, intellectual interests, sport, art, abstract ideals, etc. The authoress is intelligent and so are most of the contributors, sufficiently so, in most cases, to know if they are expressing false sentiments. The value of the evidence is not spoilt by any preconceived psychological theory and in many cases it is used to show the inadequacy of the orthodox explanations of sentiment development as development of love through parent substitutes. None of the conclusions are in any way positively startling but tend to confirm, as it were, the common sense of the enlightened—a not invaluable accomplishment. The practical value of the book seems to lie in the immense amount of evidence it contains of how people feel at different stages in their life; it should therefore assist all teachers who wish to educate their pupils through the inner life; it should inculcate a respect for the creativeness of emotion and a conscience about ignoring it.

Call Back Yesterday. A Book of Letters selected and arranged by LADY CHARNWOOD, with a preface by SIR JOHN SQUIRE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12s. 6d.

"I cannot stress too often that it is the human touch on paper that counts." Thus does Lady Charnwood confess her object in giving us her choice from her collection of autograph notes and letters. Many of them hitherto unpublished, they range from Henry VII to Rupert Brooke. The interest of the book, rounded off by a few personal memories, centres in the collection as a collection rather than in the letters themselves, which are of very unequal merit. Reprints of scraps of manuscript written by the famous lose the fascination of the originals. Some of the letters, however, are thoroughly worth reading—Waller congratulating John Evelyn upon the birth of a son is exquisite—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, threatened by disfavour, old age, and gout, writes bravely to her husband, and there is a delightful letter from Samuel Johnson. Sydney Smith talks of "simple pleasures . . . playing with my children and talking to them and sometimes whipping them—disordering and dirtying a garden," and there is a wealth of interesting correspondence from the Victorians. An anthology such as this is valuable for the wide range and the variety of interests which are packed into one volume.

Mountain Days in the Highlands and Alps. By J. HUBERT WALKER. *Arnold.* 16s.

A biography of mountains. Mr. Walker treats his mountains as if they were historical characters. Their parentage, birth, environmental influences, personal history, character and their effects upon those who know them, are described with all the passion of a biographer for a great subject. The clothes, thoughts and destiny of mountains can be made uncannily fascinating; it is a pity the author had not got a clearer intention of planning his book in this way before he wrote it. As it is this biographical element is only the backbone of an unwieldy body; perhaps we shall have another, more concise study later. Sixty-four photogravures show that Mr. Walker's skill as a photographer does not fall short of his poetic vision of his scenes.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

All the books listed below have been very highly recommended in reviews in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION during this year. The list would have been impossibly unwieldy if we had not omitted many others that were almost as wholeheartedly praised. No doubt some excellent books have been damned with faint praise, or passed over in regrettable silence. The harvest of books grows yearly more vast; the reapers remain liable, no less than they were before, to error. But for readers that have still Christmas presents to buy, here are books that we can confidently recommend. The list begins with thirty-three books (including six for children) that seem to us, in their several sorts, the most conspicuous. Then come books of general interest; books for the student of politics; books for other specialists, such as gardeners; books for children; and finally fiction. Perhaps the length of this list may surprise those who (justly, we hope) think that the reviewers in this journal are less indulgent than most.

THE AMBERLEY PAPERS. Ed. by Bertrand and Patricia Russell. *Hogarth.* 42s.

BACK FROM THE U.S.S.R. By André Gide. *Secker and Warburg.* 2s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF SONGS. Trans. from the Chinese by A. Waley. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

COLLECTED POEMS. By S. Sitwell. *Duckworth.* 15s.

EDWARD GIBBON. By D. M. Low. *Chatto.* 15s.

ENDS AND MEANS. By Aldous Huxley. *Chatto.* 8s. 6d.

ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOTHING IN THE 19TH CENTURY. *Faber.* £3 3s.

ENJOYMENT OF LAUGHTER. By Max Eastman. *H. Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE. By Jean Cocteau. Trans. by Carl Wildman. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.

IN PARENTHESIS. By David Jones. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF A BULLFIGHTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By F. G. Lorca, with an English Translation by A. L. Lloyd. *Heinemann.* 6s.

THE NOTEBOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Ed. by Humphry House. *Oxford.* 25s.

ORIENTATIONS. By Sir Ronald Storrs. *Nicholson Watson.* 21s.

PEPITA. By V. Sackville-West. *Hogarth.* 10s. 6d.

THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF PRINCESS LIEVEN TO PRINCE METTERNICH. *Murray.* 18s.

BUT PLEASE DON'T PANIC
over Christmas Shopping, for

BOOK TOKENS

are the ideal last-minute present which you can buy right up to Christmas Eve and post off in an envelope, knowing that your present cannot fail to give pleasure.

A Book Token is a decorative credit note on the nearest bookseller which gives the pleasure of receiving plus the joy of choosing. Obtainable of most booksellers in the British Isles, from 3/6 (3d. extra for the Greeting Card).

LAST WEEK!

and you haven't yet got those toys or picture books for the infants; the fountain pen for grandfather; that attractive notepaper of Wilson's for Aunt Beatrice, or any of the lovely books for everyone else that you are (rightly) relying on Wilson's to supply at a moment's notice.

THE LAST MINUTE

approaches and there will be more Christmas Cards to get for those embarrassing people who *will* go on remembering you.

ALFRED WILSON'S BOOKSHOPS

—bright, efficient, designed for the discriminating buyer—are waiting to solve your problems.

HAMPSTEAD
11 High Street
(Ham. : 2549)

BOOKS AW

WESTMINSTER
155 Victoria Street
(Vic. : 1080)

THE CITY
7 Ship Tavern Passage, E.C.3
(Man. : 2463)

ALFRED WILSON BOOKSELLERS LIMITED

YOUTH BEFORE THE FLOOD

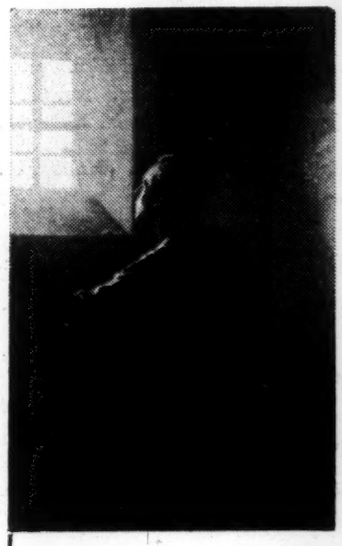
by RICHARD COKE

The main cause of the difference between the youth of to-day and the pre-war youth was the demolition of our world—its hopes, ideals and standards—by the flood-tide of the War, and the gradual building-up of another world. Here is one of those rare novels that, to the young generation is an unforgettable experience, and to men of forty, a mirror to their own lives. 7/6.

Ask at your library to-day.

JOHN LONG

CHRISTMAS AMIDST WAR AND IN PRISON



Will you this Christmas-time remember the innocent women and children victims of the Spanish War?

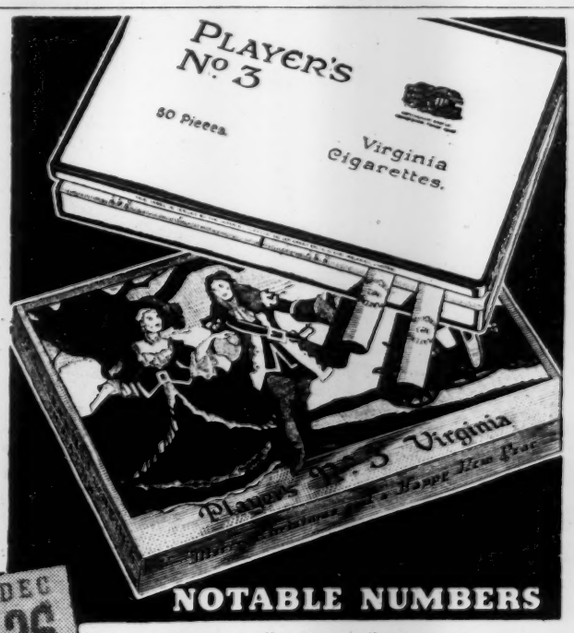
The W.R.I. has its own Children's Home in the South of France, and is regularly sending money, medicines, food and clothing into Spain.

Will you also remember the 469 war resisters who will spend their Christmas in the prison cells of Europe?

In Jugo-Slavia alone there are 303 such men and the usual sentence is 10 years.

THE WAR RESISTERS' INTERNATIONAL seeks to support alike both the **PIONEERS OF THE WARLESS WORLD** and the **VICTIMS** of the present world in which war is rampant. Will you help us to maintain this vital work?

Send your contributions, large or small, to me, A. Ruth Fry, Hon. Treasurer, War Resisters' International, 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex.



DEC 26

DEC 25

DEC 24

Christmas is "in the air". these important numbers will soon appear on your calendar. So remember another number which will help with your presents or parties . . . Player's "No. 3 Virginia" Cigarettes. "Something a little better" for Christmas and packed in charming Christmassy cartons ready to post.

PLAYER'S
NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA
50 FOR 3/3

B.P.44P

ST. HELENA. By Octave Aubry. *Gollancz.* 18s.
T. E. LAWRENCE. By His Friends. *Cape.* 15s.
DAUGHTERS AND SONS. By I. Compton-Burnett. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST. By Georges Bernanos. *Boriswood.* 10s. 6d.
THE METAMORPHOSIS. By Franz Kafka. *Parton Press.* 3s. 6d.
PITY FOR WOMEN. By Henri de Montherlant. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.
SALLY BOWLES. By Christopher Isherwood. *Hogarth.* 3s. 6d.
SING HOLIDAY. By Peter Chamberlain. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.
THE YEARS. By Virginia Woolf. *Hogarth.* 8s. 6d.
MICHAEL BAKUNIN. By E. H. Carr. *Macmillan.* 25s.
RED STAR OVER CHINA. By Edgar Snow. *Gollancz.* 18s.
THE SPANISH COCKPIT. By Dr. Franz Borkenau. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.
BABAR'S A.B.C. By Jean de Brunhoff. *Methuen.* 5s.
LUCY BROWN AND MR. GRIMES. By E. Ardizzone. *Oxford.* 6s.
THE HOBBIT. By J. R. Tolkien. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
MY FRIEND MR. LEAKEY. By J. B. S. Haldane. *Cresset.* 6s.
IN AND OUT OF DOORS. By S., C., C., A. and C. Williams-Ellis. *Routledge.* 6s.
WE DIDN'T MEAN TO GO TO SEA. By Arthur Ransome. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

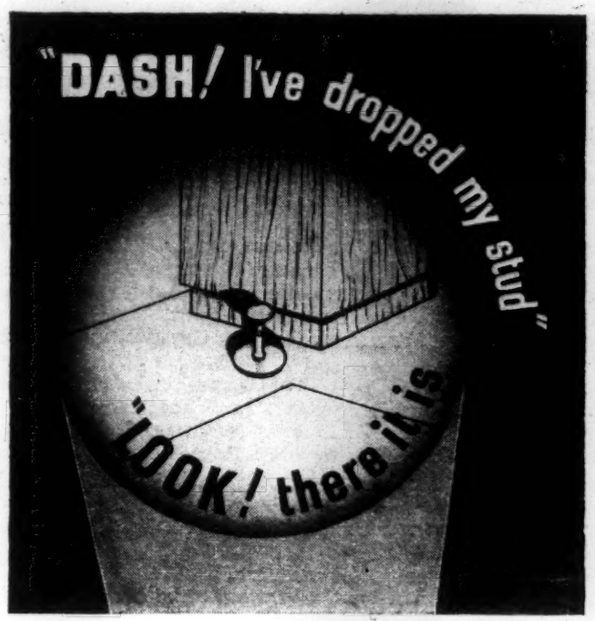
THE COMMON READER

ALLAH DETHRONED. By Lilo Linke. *Constable.* 15s.
THE ARABS. By Bertram Thomas. *Thornton Butterworth.* 21s.
ART AND UNDERSTANDING. By Margaret Bulley. *Batsford.* 15s.
AS I WAS GOING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET. By Oliver St. J. Gogarty. *Rich and Cowan.* 16s.
AUGUSTUS. By John Buchan. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 21s.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE. *Nelson.* 5s.
THE BANNED BOOKS OF ENGLAND. By Alec Craig. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
BELOVED FRIEND: THE STORY OF TCHAIKOWSKY AND NADEJDA VON MECK. By C. D. Bowen and B. von Meck. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.
BLASTING AND BOMBARDIERING. By Wyndham Lewis. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15s.
THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND ONE NIGHT. Rendered into English by Powys Mathers. *Routledge.* 4 vols. £4 4s.

Large, long-lasting tubes cost 1s. 6d. at any chemist, or a 7-day free sample will be sent on application to Box 119/64, Euthymol, 50 Beak St., London, W.1

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE

BRITAIN AND THE BEAST. Ed. by Clough Williams-Ellis. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.
BY-ROAD. By Adrian Bell. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.
CAN I HELP YOU? By Viola Tree. *Hogarth.* 7s. 6d.
CECIL BEATON'S SCRAPBOOK. *Batsford.* 21s.
CHARLES KINGSLEY. By Margaret F. Thorp. *Oxford.* 14s.
CHRONICLES OF HOLLAND HOUSE. *Murray.* 18s.
COMING SIR! By Dave Marlowe. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.
CONRAD'S PREFACES TO HIS WORKS, with an Essay by Edward Garnett and a Biographical Note on His Father by David Garnett. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
CONTINUAL DEW. By John Betjeman. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.
DAYLIGHT AND CHAMPAIGN. By G. M. Young. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
DEFOE. By James Sutherland. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.
THE DESTINY OF FRANCE. By A. Werth. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
DON ROBERTO: BEING THE ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. By A. F. Tschiffely. *Heinemann.* 15s.
DOWN THE RIVER. By H. E. Bates. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
EDWARD THOMAS. By Robert P. Eckert. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.
ELIZABETH FRY: QUAKER HEROINE. By Janet Whitney. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.
AN EXPERIMENT IN LEISURE. By Joanna Field. *Chatto.* 7s. 6d.
THE FABER BOOK OF SHORT STORIES. Ed. by Elizabeth Bowen. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.
THE FARM BY LOUGH GUR. By Lady Carbery. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.
THE FESTIVAL. By Mary MacCarthy. *Longmans.* 3s. 6d.
FOR LAWYERS AND OTHERS. By Theobald Mathews. *Hodge.* 10s. 6d.
FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM. By S. Spender. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
FOUR GENERATIONS OF OUR ROYAL FAMILY. By Lord Holden. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.
400 MILLION CUSTOMERS. By Carl Crow. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL. By Stevie Smith. *Cape.* 5s.
THE GRAND REBEL. By Dennis Kincaid. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.
GREAT CONTEMPORARIES. By Winston S. Churchill. *Thornton Butterworth.* 21s.
GREY OF FALLODON. By G. M. Trevelyan. *Longmans.* 16s.
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE? By Maurice Baring. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
HELEN'S TOWER. By Harold Nicolson. *Constable.* 15s.
THE HOME OF THE HOLLANDS. By The Earl of Ilchester. *Murray.* 18s.
IN DEFENCE OF PINK. By Robert Lynd. (Y.Y.). *Dent.* 6s.
JAPANESE LADY IN EUROPE. By Mrs. Ichikawa. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
JONATHAN SWIFT. By B. Newman. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.
JUAN BELMONTE, KILLER OF BULLS, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *Heinemann.* 15s.
LESLIE STEPHEN. By Desmond MacCarthy. *Cambridge.* 2s.
LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By Winifred Holtby. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.
LET YOUR MIND ALONE. By James Thurber. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.
LIFE, LAW, AND LETTERS. By E. S. P. Haynes. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
THE LIFE OF JOHN SELL COTMAN. By S. D. Kitson. *Faber.* 25s.
THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. Vol. 2. By Ernest Newman. *Cassell.* 30s.
LODGERS IN SWEDEN. By Romilly and Katherine John. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.
LONDON THE UNIQUE CITY. By S. E. Rasmussen. *Cape.* 15s.
LORDS OF THE EQUATOR. By Patrick Balfour. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.
LUCIE DUFF GORDON. By Gordon Waterfield. *Murray.* 12s. 6d.
LUCRETIUS: DE RERUM NATURA. Trans. by R. C. Trevelyan. *Cambridge.* 8s. 6d.
LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA. By Ferdinand Mayr-Ofen. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15s.
THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY. By Kingsley Martin. *Nelson.* 2s. 6d.
MANCHESTER. By Rachel Ryan. *Methuen.* 5s.
MEDICAL MODES AND MORALS. By Dr. Harry Roberts. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. By C. R. Leslie. Ed. by the Hon. Andrew Shirley. *Medici Society.* 35s.
MEMORIES OF AN EDWARDIAN AND NEO-GEORGIAN. By E. Jepson. *Richards.* 10s. 6d.
MOSQUITO COAST. By Peter Keenagh. *Chatto.* 12s. 6d.
THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON. By Patrick M. Synge. *Lindsay Drummond.* 15s.



FOR finding things that will roll into the most inaccessible spots there's nothing like an Ever Ready Torch. It's the safest and the most convenient light in the world. Whenever you're 'in the dark' about anything—just flick the switch of your Ever Ready Torch and you've a brilliant light just where you want it.

Ever Ready Torches cost from 1/- to 15/- and you can buy them everywhere from Electricians, Garages, Ironmongers, Chemists, etc.

Of course, the most powerful and long-lasting battery you can buy for your torch is an Ever Ready.

EVER READY
TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC TORCHES

YOU'LL NEED ONE TO-NIGHT

The Ever Ready Co. (Great Britain) Ltd., Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7.

A UNIQUE NEW YEAR CHANGE

SWISS WINTER SPORTS

£7 : 8 : 0 for 9 DAYS
(£10 : 2 : 0 for 16 days)
Reserved Return Travel, Hotel Accommodation with Meals, Tips, Taxes, etc., etc. No extras.

Make the New Year an opportunity for doing something really different. "Do" the Swiss Winter Sports. YES, YOU *CAN* AFFORD IT ! The Swiss Hotel Plan enables you to benefit your health and enjoy your holiday AT A LOW INCLUSIVE COST without extras—so that you can budget *exactly* the cost of your visit.

The remarkably low cost is only possible because the Swiss Hotel Plan is an organisation representing an AMALGAMATION OF SWISS HOTEL, RAILWAY, and ENTERTAINMENT INTERESTS. Hence, you get a holiday simply full of comfort and enjoyment at an apparently impossible price. Send for FREE Special Winter Sports Programme.

SWISS HOTEL PLAN (London) Ltd.
103 Jermyn St., S.W.1
Tel. WHitehall 9567

Please send me your Winter Sports Programme giving full details.

Swiss Hotel Plan

Name.....
Address .....
.....

N.S. 3

WOOLLY

Plenty of freedom here — and the perfect fit that helps freedom. When you're young and out-and-about these athletic trunk-drawers and slip-over vests — open mesh with elastic woven waistbands — are just what you want. The doctors say 'wool,' and your common sense says 'Braemar' as soon as you take a look at them.

WOOLLIER

Everybody needs *some* warmer underwear — and a good many people who've lost their illusions about the British climate prefer it all the time. These vests and pants can be got with long or short sleeves and long or short legs. They wear and wear and last and last and fit and fit — just because Braemar makes an honest expert job of them.

WOOLLIEST

Combinations are where Braemar fit and craftsmanship really come into their own. As Braemar makes them, they are the most comfortable garments in existence. Ask to see Braemar 'Optimus' underwear. In both pure wool and in silk and wool mixtures there's nothing to touch it for sheer fit and quality.

Braemar Underwear for men can be bought at most good shops and stores. Write for interesting booklet to Messrs. Innes, Henderson & Co. Ltd., Hawick, Scotland ; or to Axtell House, Warwick Street, London, W.1. Also makers of Braemar Sportswear.

BRAEMAR

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

MY FILL OF DAYS. By Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. *Faber*. 15s.
MY IRELAND. By Lord Dunsany. *Jarrolds*. 7s. 6d.
NARRATIVE PICTURES. By S. Sitwell. *Batsford*. 21s.
NEW WRITING, III. and IV. By John Lehmann. *Lawrence and Wishart*. 6s.
THE NIGHT CLIMBERS OF CAMBRIDGE. By "Whipplesnaith." *Chatto*. 7s. 6d.
1937 NEW YORKER ALBUM. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7s. 6d.
NOT CLARET. By Francis Downman. *Richards*. 2s.
THE NOVEL AND THE PEOPLE. By Ralph Fox. *Lawrence and Wishart*. 5s.
OFFENBACH AND THE PARIS OF HIS TIME. By S. Kracauer. *Constable*. 18s.
PLATO TO-DAY. By R. H. S. Crossman. *Allen and Unwin*. 7s. 6d.
PURCELL. By J. A. Westrup. *Dent*. 4s. 6d.
PUSHKIN. By E. J. Simmons. *Oxford*. 18s.
RICHARD PORSON. By M. L. Clarke. *Cambridge*. 6s.
THE ROAD TO OXIANA. By Robert Byron. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.
THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER. By George Orwell. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.
ROBERT BROWNING AND JULIA WEDGWOOD: A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP AS REVEALED IN THEIR LETTERS. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.
ROUND THE WORLD AGAIN IN 80 DAYS. By Jean Cocteau. *Routledge*. 7s. 6d.
SCIENCE AND MUSIC. By Sir James Jeans. *Cambridge*. 8s. 6d.
THE SEVEN SOVIET ARTS. By Kurt London. *Faber*. 15s.
THE SHADOW ACROSS THE PAGE. By G. W. Stonier. *Cresset*. 5s.
SHE WAS A QUEEN. By Maurice Collis. *Faber*. 15s.
SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE OF THE "REVENGE." By A. L. Rowse. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.
SKYE HIGH. By Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill. *Hamish Hamilton*. 12s. 6d.
SMALL TALK. By Harold Nicolson. *Constable*. 6s.
SOCRATES. By Naomi Mitchison and R. H. Crossman. JOAN OF ARC. By V. Sackville-West. DARWIN. By L. B. Pekin. MAZZINI, GARIBALDI AND CAVOUR. By Marjorie Strachey. *Hogarth*. 1s. 6d. each.

WILLS & TRUSTS

Increasingly people are turning to a corporate body rather than to a relative or friend to act as an Executor; and they are right, for in what individual person is found *combined*

PERMANENCE
ACCESSIBILITY
BUSINESS EXPERIENCE
COLLECTIVE JUDGEMENT

If you appoint the Westminster Bank as your Executor, your estate has also the benefits of

a) A trained staff to deal with difficulties
b) An administration which cannot be biased
c) Officials who may be consulted at any reasonable hour, and are pledged to secrecy
d) Immense resources behind your Trust

And the fees which your estate will pay will probably be but a fraction of what you would leave to a private executor.

In carrying out such duties, it is the Bank's practice to employ the family solicitor.

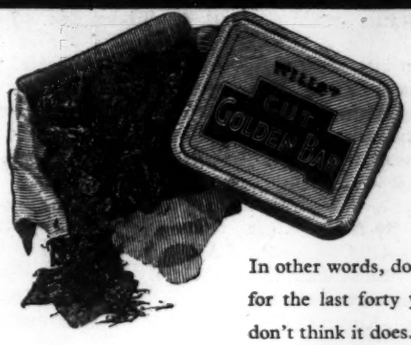
Inquiries will be gladly answered by

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Trustee Department: 51 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2
or 63 Piccadilly, London, W.1
OR IN BRISTOL · LIVERPOOL · MANCHESTER

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. *Batsford*. 7s. 6d.
THE SPOTTED LION. By K. G. Dower. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.
STRAW WITHOUT BRICKS. By E. M. Delafield. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.
TASTE AND FASHION: FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION UNTIL TO-DAY. By James Laver. *Harrap*. 12s. 6d.
THE TESTAMENT OF JOAD. By C. E. M. Joad. *Faber*. 8s. 6d.
THINGS PAST REDRESS. By Augustine Birrell. *Faber*. 15s.
THE THIRD MORALITY. By Gerald Heard. *Cassell*. 10s. 6d.
TRANSGRESSOR IN THE TROPICS. By Negley Farson. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS. By Margaret Barton. *Faber*. 15s.
THE UNEXPECTED YEARS. By Laurence Housman. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.
THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF HONORÉ DE BALZAC AND MADAME ZULMA CARRAUD. *Lane*. 15s.
VAIN GLORY: A MISCELLANY OF THE GREAT WAR. *Cassell*. 8s. 6d.
WALLS HAVE MOUTHS. By W. F. Macartney. *Gollancz*. 3s. 6d.
WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. *Bell*. 25s.
WHITE AFRICAN. By L. S. B. Leakey. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 15s.
THE WYNNE DIARIES. Ed. by Anne Fremantle. *Oxford*. 21s.

THE POLITICAL STUDENT

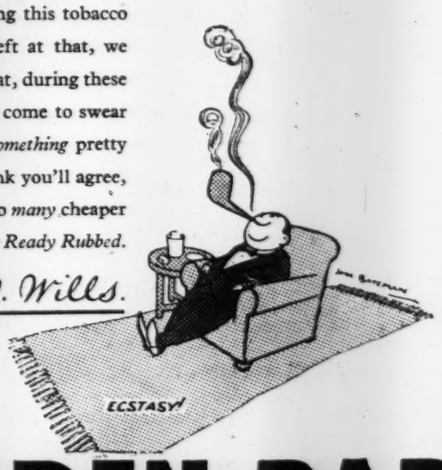
AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE U.S.S.R. By André Gide. *Secker and Warburg*. 2s. 6d.
APSA. By C. T. Smith. *Watts*. 21s.
THE BACKWARD CHILD. By Cyril Burt. *London Univ. Press*. 21s.
BROKEN WATER. By James Hanley. *Chatto*. 10s. 6d.
CAPITAL AND EMPLOYMENT. By R. G. Hawtrey. *Longmans*. 15s.
THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN. By G. D. H. and M. I. Cole. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.
THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. By J. E. A. Jolliffe. *Black*. 15s.
THE FAR EAST IN WORLD POLITICS. By G. F. Hudson. *Oxford*. 7s. 6d.
FEAR CAME ON EUROPE. By John T. Whitaker. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.
THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By E. Y. Hartshorne, Jr. *Allen and Unwin*. 6s.
HALDANE, 1856–1915. By Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice. *Faber*. 18s.
A HISTORY OF POLITICAL THEORY. By G H. Sabine. *Harrap*. 15s.
THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT. By Stephen Roberts. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.
THE HUMAN NEEDS OF LABOUR. By B. Seebohm-Rowntree. *Longmans*. 2s. 6d.
INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE. By Sir Arnold Wilson and Prof. Hermann Levy. *Oxford*. 21s.
IRAQ—A STUDY IN POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT. By P. W. Ireland. *Cape*. 15s.
THE LETTERS OF LENIN. *Chapman and Hall*. 15s.
THE MIND IN CHAINS. Ed. by C. Day Lewis. *Muller*. 5s.
MOSCOW IN THE MAKING. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.
NATIONAL INCOME AND OUTLAY. By Colin Clarke. *Macmillan*. 12s. 6d.
NATIVE ADMINISTRATION IN NIGERIA. By Margery Perham. *Oxford*. 17s. 6d.
POLITICAL ECONOMY AND CAPITALISM. By Maurice Dobb. *Routledge*. 10s. 6d.
THE PRESS AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By Robert W. Desmond. *Appleton Century*. 10s.
PUBLIC ENTERPRISE. Ed. by W. A. Robson. *Allen and Unwin*. 12s. 6d.
PUNISHMENT: ITS ORIGIN, PURPOSE AND PSYCHOLOGY. By Hans von Hentig. *Hodge*. 12s. 6d.
THE SOCIAL CONTRACT. By J. W. Gough. *Oxford*. 12s. 6d.
SOCIALISED MEDICINE IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Dr. Henry E. Sigerist. *Gollancz*. 15s.
THE SOCIALIST CASE. By Douglas Jay. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.
SOCIALISM VERSUS CAPITALISM. By A. C. Pigou. *Macmillan*. 4s. 6d.
SOVIET COMMUNISM: A NEW CIVILISATION. By S. and B. Webb. *Longmans*. 35s.
UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS. By Walter M. Kotschnig. *Oxford*. 12s. 6d.
THE WAR AGAINST GOD. By Sidney Dark and R. S. Essex. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 5s.



Does "Old Established" cut any ice?

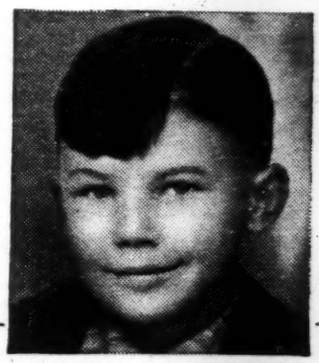
In other words, does the fact that we have been making this tobacco for the last forty years prove anything? Frankly, left at that, we don't think it does. But when we also state the fact that, during these forty years, a steadily increasing army of smokers has come to swear by WILLS'S Cut Golden Bar, it surely proves there's *something* pretty remarkable about it. Its price of 1/- an ounce, we think you'll agree, is scarcely enough to explain its popularity—there are so *many* cheaper brands nowadays. *You can get it in the Original form or Ready Rubbed.*

W. D. & H. O. Wills.



WILLS'S CUT GOLDEN BAR

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CB92B



HAPPIER CHILDREN

Children saved from ill-treatment last year by the N.S.P.C.C. numbered 114,336, making a total of almost 5,000,000 during 53 years' work. This *National* Society has 270 "Children's Men" working in England, Wales and Ireland. By persuasion, rather than prosecution, they are exerting a vast influence in overcoming conditions threatening the physical, moral and mental welfare of the young.

The N.S.P.C.C. has been responsible for valuable contributions to legislation, including the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts of 1889, 1894, 1904, and the Children and Young Persons' Act, 1933.

● **Please help this great work for the Nation's Children by sending a Christmas gift to Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.**

N·S·P·C·C

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

Treasures for the Record Collector

IMPORTANT RE-ISSUES OF RECORDS BY THE LATE

Dame Clara Butt

● Thanks to the generous gesture by Mr. R. Kennerley-Rumford, Columbia have been privileged to re-issue at 4/- some of the most popular records of the late Dame Clara Butt. These records have in the past sold in large numbers at 8/6 each. Now these treasures of song, representing the voice of a century, are brought within the reach of the widest possible public. Hear them at your dealer's.

Abide with Me (*Liddle*) (with Piano and Organ) Husheen (with Piano)	DX729 (4s.)
Messiah—He shall Feed His Flock (with Orch.) Elijah—O Rest in the Lord (with Orch.)	DX811 (4s.)
The Holy City (with Chorus) The Better Land (with Orch.)	DX812 (4s.)
Land of Hope and Glory (with Band of H.M. Grenadier Guards) The Old Folks at Home (with Chorus and Orch.)	DX730 (4s.)
Love's Old Sweet Song (with Piano) The Lost Chord (with Organ & Piano)	DX754 (4s.)
O Divine Redeemer (with Orch.) God shall Wipe Away All Tears (with Organ)	DX755 (4s.)

Lists from The Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd., 98 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. (Prices not valid in the I.F.S.)

Hear what you want—when you want it—only on a gramophone record

Columbia records

THE WAR IN SPAIN. By Ramón Sender. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.
WATCH CZECHOSLOVAKIA! By Richard Freund. *Nelson*. 2s. 6d.
WORLD REVOLUTION, 1917–1936. By C. L. R. James. *Secker and Warburg*. 12s. 6d.

THE GARDENER, &c.

BATTLING WITH SEA MONSTERS. By Mitchell Hedges. *Duckworth*. 15s.
BEN JONSON. Vol. 5. *Oxford*. 21s.
BIRD BEHAVIOUR. By F. B. Kirkman. *Nelson*. 7s. 6d.
THE BOOK OF FOOD AND DRINK. "Gourmet." *Lane*. 3s. 6d.
COLOUR AND FORM. By Adrian Stokes. *Faber*. 6s.
COOKING AND CURING. By Oriana Haynes. *Duckworth*. 6s.
A DICTIONARY OF SLANG. By Eric Partridge. *Routledge*. 42s.
FLOWER PORTRAITS. By Blanche Henrey. *Country Life*. 7s. 6d.
FLOWERS IN HOUSE AND GARDEN. By Constance Spry. *Dent*. 12s. 6d.
A GARDENER'S TESTAMENT. By Gertrude Jekyll. *Country Life*. 10s. 6d.
HARDY BULBS. Vol. I. IRIDACEAE. By Lt.-Col. C. H. Grey. *Williams and Norgate*. 36s.
THE HILL FOX. By Ernest Lewis. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.
JEFFERIES' ENGLAND. *Constable*. 8s. 6d.
THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH: THE MIDDLE YEARS. *Oxford*. 42s.
MEN OF MATHEMATICS. By E. T. Bell. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.
MORE ENIGMAS OF NATURAL HISTORY. By E. L. Grant Watson. *Cresset*. 6s.
MY LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. *Bles*. 18s.
THE MYSTERY OF SCENT. By H. B. C. Pollard. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 10s. 6d.
THE NAMING OF PLANTS. By Vera Higgins. *Arnold*. 3s. 6d.
PLANT ECOLOGY. By Hilda Drabble. *Arnold*. 7s. 6d.
THE PRESENT-DAY ROCK GARDEN. By S. Clay. *Jack*. 31s. 6d.
QUESTION TIME. By Hubert Phillips. *Dent*. 5s.
SAIL AND POWER. By Uffa Fox. *Davies*. 35s.
SERVE IT FORTH. By M. F. K. Fisher. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7s. 6d.
SOME FLOWERS. By V. Sackville-West. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 6s.
SYSTEMS OF MEDITATION IN RELIGION. By Loftus Hare. *Philip Allan*. 8s. 6d.
THE TALL SHIPS PASS. By W. L. A. Derby. *Cape*. 25s.
THE VILLAGE CARPENTER. By Walter Rose. *Cambridge*. 8s. 6d.
THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL. Vol. 1. *Oxford*. 21s.

THE YOUNG

AFKE'S TEN. By Ninke van Hichtum. *Muller*. 5s.
THE BOOK OF LIVING REPTILES. By R. L. Ditmars and Helene Carter. *Harrap*. 5s.
HERE WE COME A-PIPING. By Rose Fyleman. *Blackwell*. 2s. 6d.
IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Hans Andersen. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.
LONDON ZOO. By E. G. Boulenger. *Dent*. 5s.
BABAR'S FRIEND ZEPHYR. By Jean de Brunhoff. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.
THE MAGIC POODLE. By B. Williamson. *Faber*. 5s.
MARTIN PIPPIN IN THE DAISY FIELD. By Eleanor Farjeon. *Michael Joseph*. 8s. 6d.
PALACES ON MONDAY. By Marjorie Fischer. *Secker*. 7s. 6d.
ROLLING ALONG THROUGH THE CENTURIES. By M. E. Gilchrist and L. Ogle. *Longmans*. 4s. 6d.
THIS YEAR: NEXT YEAR. By W. De La Mare. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.
WORZEL GUMMIDGE AGAIN. By B. E. Todd. *Burns and Oates*. 3s. 6d.

THE NOVEL READER

THE ANTAGONISTS. By P. H. Fox. *Michael Joseph*. 7s. 6d.
AT LAST THE ISLAND. By Margaret Lane. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.
THE BELLS OF BASEL. By Louis Aragon. *Lovat Dickson and Peter Davies*. 8s. 6d.
THE BRITTLESNAPS. By Edward A. Hibbitt. *Duckworth*. 7s. 6d.
BRYNHILD. By H. G. Wells. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.
DEAD MAN LEADING. By V. S. Pritchett. *Chatto*. 7s. 6d.
DUMB WITNESS. By Agatha Christie. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.
FLAMES COMING OUT OF THE TOP. By Norman Collins. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.
THE GAY AND MELANCHOLY FLUX. By William Saroyan. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.
GREY CHILDREN. By James Hanley. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.
KING WREN: THE YOUTH OF HENRI IV. By Heinrich Mann. *Secker and Warburg*. 10s.
KISSING THE ROAD. By Viola Meynell. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
LORD EMSWORTH AND OTHERS. By P. G. Wodehouse. *Jenkins*. 7s. 6d.
MR. WITT AMONG THE REBELS. By Ramón Sender. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.
MORE THAN SOMEWHAT. By Damon Runyon. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.
THE PASQUIER CHRONICLES. By Georges Duhamel. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.
THE PATTERN. By M. G. Eberhart. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.
A PURSE OF COPPERS. By Seán O'Faoláin. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
SAHA THE CAT. By Colette. *Werner Laurie*. 7s. 6d.
SOMETHING SHORT AND SWEET. By H. E. Bates. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
STAR BEGOTTEN. By H. G. Wells. *Chatto*. 6s.
STAR MAKER. By Olaf Stapledon. *Methuen*. 8s. 6d.
STARTING POINT. By C. Day Lewis. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
THEATRE. By W. Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.
THREE COMRADES. By E. M. Remarque. *Hutchinson*. 8s. 6d.
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. By Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
THE TRIAL. By Franz Kafka. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.
THE WHEEL TURNS. By Gian Dauli. *Chatto and Windus*. 8s. 6d.
WHO KILLED ROBERT PRENTICE? By D. Wheatley and J. G. Links. *Hutchinson*. 3s. 6d.
THE WILD GOOSE CHASE. By Rex Warner. *Boriswood*. 8s. 6d.
WORLD'S END. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. *Chapman and Hall*. 7s. 6d.

Week-end Competitions

No. 405

Set by Maurice Richardson

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for a typical paragraph from a Life of Boswell by Johnson.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Thursday, December 23rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 403

Set by Geoffrey Parsons

We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best review by Colonel Blimp of *This England*—the collection in pamphlet form, illustrated by Low, which has just been published by *N.S. & N.*—in not more than 250 words.

Report by Geoffrey Parsons

Rather surprisingly I have to report a failure. There were only twenty or so entries, and most of them made Blimp give the collection unqualified praise. L. G. Large, for instance, wrote: "A book the Services might well adopt as their own, a book a man might cherish with his old school-tie and shot gun." I suspected these competitors of reviewing the book unread, from their knowledge of the weekly "This England" column, and they were immediately disqualified. What I expected was praise for the majority of the extracts, outraged scorn for the editing, and verbal apoplexy brought on by the illustrations.

The only competitor who came within consideration distance of a prize was W. Leslie Nicholls. Of the rest, those who managed to write as Blimp might have been expected to did not react suitably to the book, while those who had Blimpesque opinions to convey seemed to think that any kind of prose could be turned into *echt* Blimp by a plentiful sprinkling of Gad Sirs. I. Drazin was good about the drawings: "The illustrations give disgusting emphasis to the subject matter of the book. These can best be understood, when I explain that they are drawn by a man who has the impertinence to presume a friendly and personal association with me, when I have never even been introduced. In short, these drawings are the work of a low down cad whose name aptly fits his character." But the rest of his review was not so good. I also enjoyed the last stanza of Rowland Marriott's unlikely rhyming review—

> "I recommend it for the shelf
> Where Kipling stands; for Gad Sir!
> I might have written it myself.
> Indeed I wish I had sir."

£105,000,000 OF DEPOSITS

owned by over 112,000 depositors

The most striking testimony to the banking service of the C.W.S. Bank is the rapid growth in the number of its customers, and the amount of its funds. Current and Deposit Accounts opened for Clubs, Trade Unions, all Organisations of a Mutual Character, and Individuals. Write to-day to :—

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office : 1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

BRANCHES:

LONDON : 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2, and
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE : West Blandford Street.

BRISTOL : Broad Quay.

CONSTRUCTIVE WORK FOR PEACE

The FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL represents the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in efforts to promote peace and to relieve human suffering. Friends' work in war areas and in depressed industrial areas in Great Britain has been widely shared and supported by people of other denominations and faiths.

The FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL now asks for such support in its work of reconciliation and peace carried on in Europe and the East.

The varied activities include :

RELIEF WORK IN SPAIN
SETTLEMENT WORK IN INDIA
EDUCATIONAL AND MEDICAL WORK IN THE FAR EAST
HELP FOR GERMAN REFUGEES
SUPPORT OF QUAKER CENTRES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE

HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THIS WORK

Please send a Christmas Gift to :

FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1

The
Economic Journal

The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

DECEMBER, 1937

CONTENTS:

Economic Research and Industrial Policy — Prof. P. Sargant Florence
British Oversea Investments in 1935 and 1936 — Sir R. Kindersley
The "Ex-Ante" Theory of the Rate of Interest - J. M. Keynes
The League of Nations Enquiry into the Trade Cycle — R. F. Kahn
Price Ratios in Recent Irish Agricultural Experience — J. Johnston
Some Problems of Australian Banking - Prof. D. B. Copland
Reviews. Notes and Memoranda. Recent Periodicals and New Books.

SIX SHILLINGS NET

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.,
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Applications for Fellowship to the Secretary, Royal Economic Society, 4, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Annual Subscription, £1 1s. 0d. The Subscription includes the quarterly Economic Journal, an Economic History Series, Special Memoranda, Statistical Bulletins, and sundry important publications at reduced prices. Life Composition, £10 10s. 0d.

Exchange your

BOOK TOKENS

at

HEFFER'S BOOKSHOP

first asking for a selection of Catalogues to help you in your choice. Catalogues of New, Secondhand and Bargain Books are always available, free on request.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.
CAMBRIDGE — ENGLAND

HEFFER CAMBRIDGE

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c. **Plate Powder** 6d 1/- & 2/-

"Goddard's" **Liquid Polish** 9d & 1/3

CHRISTMAS CARDS

12 new subjects have been issued, attractively mounted and printed with traditional greetings. Picture-books, large coloured reproductions, and coloured postcards with or without slip-in folders offer a wide range of unusual and inexpensive Christmas gifts.

Coloured Postcards, 2d.: Christmas Cards, 3d.: Postcards with folder, 5d.: Picture Books — monochrome, 6d.: coloured, 1/-: Large Coloured Reproductions, 1/-.

THE VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

Send for lists or telephone Kensington 6371, Ext. 47.

Apart from these, the standard was remarkably bad. Somewhat diffidently I award the second prize to W. Leslie Nicholls. First prize to stay in the kitty.

SECOND PRIZE

Every true Englishman knows that foreigners are a shifty lot, not fit to be trusted. Thus any filthy propaganda foisted on the unsuspecting public by the minions of Moscow should be trampled underfoot without so much as a glance at it. Even proposals from General Franco should be subject to polite perusal, although his representative, the Duke of Alva, looks gentlemanly enough to be a member of our island race.

Yet what is to be done with treasonable publications of *English* origin? I purchased such a book last week. Its title, "This England," flaunted across its cover, was well calculated to deceive the most ardent patriot. Immediately I recalled those lines written by that immortal bard, who, were he alive to-day, would undoubtedly be a zealous worker for the Conservative cause.

Within the pages of this book I found quotations from the writings and sayings of living Englishmen, of high and low degree. Here, I thought, is the perfect Christmas present for the true-blue patriot. To my horror, however, a closer examination revealed that these cries from the heart were being held to ridicule—a ridicule emphasised by that cartoonist whose name only too adequately reflects his taste!

The Freedom of the Press is mocked when such un-English advantage is taken of it. Every man and woman worthy of the country of their birth should petition for its immediate withdrawal. Failing that, the Conservative Party should re-issue the book *without the drawings*, as an Anthology of Modern English Thought. Then these typical utterances of typical Englishmen would be recognised as gems "of purest ray serene."

W. LESLIE NICHOLLS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 259.—THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

"The trouble is," said fflannel-fflannel, "that if each county plays each of the others twice there are far too many matches: 272 altogether—absurd."

"True," said Googly. "But under my scheme you can get over that difficulty. All you have to do is to divide the counties into the prescribed number of groups; then—let me see—the number of matches would be anything from 176 to 197. There are ten possibilities altogether."

After a good deal of discussion, Googly's scheme was adopted. The actual number of matches played was 182.

How many counties were there in each of the prescribed groups?

PROBLEM 257.—FUN AT THE CHURCH BAZAAR

[Solution by W. S. Barrett]

We begin with Cora's children. Of the 28 different distributions of ten articles, each including one toy only and at least one of each of the other kinds of articles, only one set of three can be obtained for the same sum: viz., 1*s.*, 1*t* 7*n* 1*c*; 3*s.*, 1*t* 1*n* 5*c*; and 2*s.*, 1*t* 4*n* 3*c*—each costing 38*s.*

So Cora gave each of her children 38*s.* to spend. The number of possible distributions—each including at least one of every kind of article—which are obtainable for this sum is seven. So Cora had seven children: and so each of the other three sisters had seven children.

Now only three other sums give exactly seven distributions, each including at least one of every kind of article: viz., 37*s.*, 33*s.* and 32*s.* Of these, 37*s.* and 32*s.* each give two distributions including one toy only: so these sums were given by Flora and Laura.

So Dora gave her children 33*s.* each. The seven distributions of this sum are: 4*s.*, 2*t* 1*n* 3*c*; 4*s.*, 1*t* 3*n* 2*c*; 3*s.*, 3*t* 2*n* 2*c*; 3*s.*, 2*t* 4*n* 1*c*; 2*s.*, 5*t* 1*n* 2*c*; 2*s.*, 4*t* 3*n* 1*c*; 1*s.*, 6*t* 2*n* 1*c*.

So Dora's children bought between them 23 toys.

Someone should write a letter to the *Times* about this family. It would gladden the hearts of Mr. Harrod and his friends.

PROBLEM 256.—THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: B. Robertson, 49 Dempster Street, Wick, Caithness.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

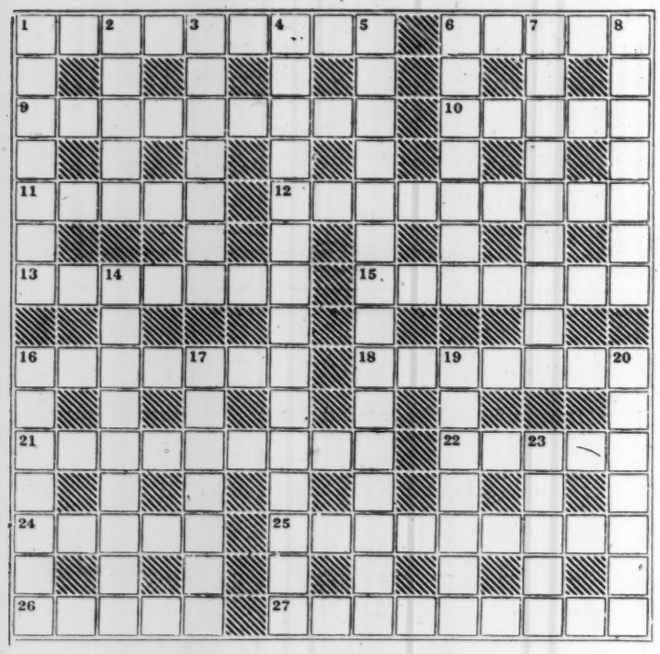
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 406

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

W. E. Fitzsimmons, 147, King's Avenue, Clapham Park, S.W.4.

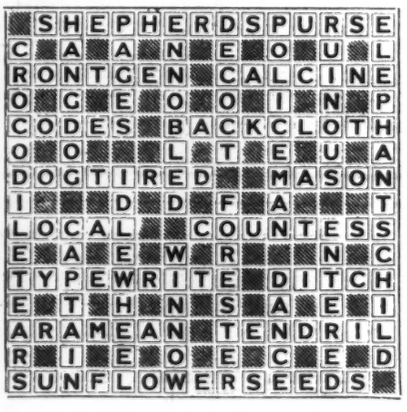
ACROSS

1. Result of not being able to make the pace? (9)
6. A penny on account to a chartered accountant in India. (5)
9. A ready fellow combines capital and labour. (9)
10. Weight in gold. (5)
11. Pokers of the Inquisition so to speak. (5)
12. Like "giving anyone the sack" for instance. (9)
13. Take note by listening? (7)
15. The sort of thing you inevitably find in the solution. (7)
16. An irritating effect is produced if you do this the reverse (and wrong) way. (7)
18. Ada is lame all round. (7)
21. Where to go to get a good tuck in? (9)
22. Being upset, tips back about a pound. (5)
24. As rum a drink as it sounds. (5)
25. Not ratters, though they rat. (9)
26. Treed by turns. (5)
27. Where you can be sure of some riding. (9)

DOWN

1. A London gate. (7)
2. Job's depossessed. (5)
3. Sounds like an ice plant. (7)
4. Three men in the street. (15)
5. Gives some point to writers. (15)
6. In point of fact this is a French system. (7)
7. This is not the same as cardboard. (9)
8. My head is indefinitely myself. (7)
14. What Bert made of Burma. (9)
16. Should be gathered in Maytime. (7)
17. Produce a forthcoming issue. (7)
19. Transfers allotments? (7)
20. Maybe a sitter. (7)
23. In brief, King George understands India. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



CHARITY APPEALS

THE IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Between 1902 and 1912 the Imperial Cancer Research Fund showed by researches which are now the foundation of present knowledge that cancer can be investigated by experimental methods. Experiment gives quick answers to questions; observation of natural conditions is slow. The record of research during the past thirty years is a story of rapid increase of our knowledge of cancer. For more than thirty years the Imperial Cancer Research Fund has played an important part in cancer research. The central laboratories were designed for investigations which are now exhausted; the present farm laboratory at Mill Hill is a temporary structure ill-adapted for research. It is intended to bring the staff together in a group of laboratories in which provision will be made for every kind of investigation likely to advance our knowledge of cancer. Gifts will be welcomed by the Fund at 8–11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

THE DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLK'S AID ASSOCIATION

The cases which come within the scope of this well-known Association are very difficult to describe, and more difficult to label. There is no very typical case to quote. Generally speaking, the men and women (mostly women), who receive temporary or permanent help are those for whom the State at present makes no provision beyond old age pensions, when they reach the age, or relief institutions. But when a woman has enjoyed a generous education and upbringing, and when she has voluntarily spent her life doing social work for nothing, she cannot, in her later years, with her income suddenly gone for some reason beyond her control, be expected to welcome a future in a public institution. Moreover, in nearly every case which is helped by this Association, the woman or the man is not only poor, but is prevented by illness or disability from earning a living. Meanwhile, will all those who are content to leave the selection of the most deserving cases to the experienced and able committee, please send a Christmas donation, for a few extra comforts at this season, to the Secretary of the Association, 74 Brook Green, W.6.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—
SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Honorary Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for Research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. But our present accommodation is too limited and we **are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Legacies, Subscriptions, and Donations are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11 Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

Help Mummie to get well again

The Hospital serves a million poor in North London and there are very many mothers among the patients whose families anxiously await their return.

PLEASE HELP US THIS CHRISTMASTIDE FOR THEIR SAKE!

Everywhere in this district there is poverty, hardship and suffering, but very little money.

Send a gift now to the Rt. Hon. SIR PHILIP SASSOON, Bart., M.P., Hon. Treasurer.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL
HOLLOWAY, N.7

CHANGING PLACES

WILL you try, in imagination, to change places with a poor family this Christmas? Think of yourself and your own family with no traditional Christmas fare or festivities: with no comforting fire, no bulging, mysterious stockings for your little ones, no staying up late, no toys. It will be difficult, but please try.

Then, remember that many thousands of poor families will have just such a Christmas unless . . . . and this is the important point . . . . you will share your festivities with them.

£5 would give a Christmas Parcel each to ten poor families. But if you cannot do as much as you would like, ten shillings would give one poor family a parcel.

Please send a gift now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

Western Canada Calling

It is impossible to exaggerate the immensity of the disaster which has overtaken large parts of Southern Alberta, Southern Saskatchewan and parts of Manitoba. Not less than 60,000 families must look to the Dominion Government for relief. In the midst of it all, the patience and hope of the people and the self-sacrifice of the mission clergy are inspiring to a degree. Without the help of friends in more prosperous circumstances, some missions must close.

If you are able to help in any way, please send your gift to The Secretary,

THE COLONIAL AND CONTINENTAL CHURCH SOCIETY

9 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

INSKIP AND MARKETS—KAFFIR DIVIDENDS—COMMODITY RESTRICTION SCHEMES

THIS is the last Stock Exchange account of the old year and everyone will be glad to see it end. No increase in business is to be expected before the New Year, but what is known as the "undertone" remains firm, in spite of threatening developments in the Far East. Technically markets are ripe for a recovery, for dealers have little stock on their books, but the occasion for a rise is still lacking. Sir Thomas Inskip, of course, is doing his best. He appears to have taken on the role of fairy-godmother to the "bulls" of British industrial shares. His statement at the luncheon of the National Union of Manufacturers that the armament expenditure would increase from £278 millions for 1937/38 to between £320 and £340 millions in 1938/9, quite apart from £5 to £10 millions which will have to be spent upon air-raid precautions, was immediately interpreted in the market as a "bull" point for iron, steel, armament and cement shares. But it must not be forgotten that the private capital expenditures entailed by the Government rearmament programme will have passed their peak some time before the peak of budgetary expenditure is reached. And will the increase in budgetary expenditure be sufficient to offset a probable decline in private building next year? Without a recovery in America I can find few people who feel optimistic about 1938. Wall Street remains undecided. Probably irregular conditions will remain there until the year ends while the selling for "tax losses" goes on. The question is whether the investment advisory services will begin to recommend their clients to buy for a spring recovery. Some remain sceptical and are beginning to ask why private business should undertake the risks of capital expenditure if the Government itself refuses to take a lead. Personally, I think that the only capital expenditure that the U.S. Government is likely to undertake on a big scale is on rearmament. The sinking of American ships by the Japanese has undoubtedly brought American rearmament nearer.

The December "Kaffir" dividends were up to market expectations with few exceptions. Simmer and Jack disappointed by maintaining a dividend which everyone had expected to see increased. Daggafontein and Springs are making smaller payments than in June, but in each case the year's total is the same as in 1936. Consolidated Main Reef, still lowering its grade of ore, slightly reduced its dividend, but West Springs brought its total distribution up to 2*s.* 6*d.* for the year (against 2*s.* in 1936) because a better grade ore had been treated. Gold shares as a whole are slowly coming back into investment favour. The fall in commodity prices has removed not only the fear of an increase in gold mining costs, but the likelihood of any future reduction in the price of gold. That dangerous question is not going to be reopened by Government authorities in a hurry—even in the next period of inflation. Gold shares, in fact, now form a desirable hedge against a possible fall in other equity shares if a trade recession develops. Perhaps the safest investment among the Rand producers is Crown Mines because of its long projective life and stable development. At 15$\frac{1}{16}$ these 10*s.* shares yield £7 4*s.* on a dividend of 19*s.*, and the estimated life of the mine is 40 years.

* * *

In commodities the progress of output restriction continues apace. So far as copper is concerned, the 105 per cent. quota which came into force on December 1st in the case of the companies who are parties to the restriction agreement means that production outside the U.S.A. will be reduced by about 15 per cent. in comparison with this year's maximum—say from 1,200,000 to 1,050,000 tons per annum. Unless non-U.S. consumption declines to an extent not yet foreseen or—an unlikely development—there is a disturbingly large increase in U.S. copper exports, the present cut in output may suffice to keep the world price steady between the limits of £35 and £45 per ton. Outside the U.S.A. there is no serious accumulation of stocks. In the case of rubber, the fact that world stocks at the end of the year will exceed 500,000 tons, or the equivalent of nearly six months' probable consumption, pointed even more emphatically to the need for a drastic curtailment of output. The 20 per cent. cut in the export quota announced for the first quarter of 1938 has had the effect of steadying the price round 7$\frac{1}{4}$*d.* per pound; but, until there is a revival of American automobile demand, the prospects of a recovery even to 9*d.* per pound seem remote. On the basis of the proposed 70 per cent. export quota for the restricting areas, world production next year will be at the rate of about 85,000 tons a month. In 1937 world consumption has been slightly over 90,000 tons a month; but it would be optimistic to expect a much higher figure than 80,000 tons a month in 1938 unless there is a real industrial recovery in the U.S.A.

* * *

Finally, the International Tin Committee has reduced the general quota from 110 to 70 per cent. for the first quarter of the coming year, with certain concessions to Malaya, Nigeria and the Dutch East Indies. When the news of this decision became known in the market, the price of the metal momentarily recovered to over £200 per ton, but this rally was followed by a relapse to £193. In the case of tin next year's equation between demand and supplies is by no means easy to estimate. American consumption has fallen abruptly, and the outlook in the case both of motor car and tinplate manufacturers in Britain is at present somewhat dubious. I should not care to rely on world consumption in 1938 greatly exceeding 150,000 tons, when allowance is made for the fact that consumers both here and in the U.S.A. appear to be carrying considerable stocks. Taking into account the possibility that the high-cost producers may not fill their quotas with tin below £200, world output next year should be at least 160,000 tons. What, in fact, the International Committee has done is to reduce a prospective output surplus of, say, 30,000 tons to one of 5,000–10,000 tons next year. In the case of all three restricted commodities, those who pin their faith to curtailment of output as the one means of avoiding a repetition of the price *débâcle* of 1929–30 will doubtless be agreeably impressed by the speed with which the various restriction committees have reacted to signs of a set-back in demand. I do not dispute the need, under existing circumstances, for this sort of mechanism; and in no case can the "controls" be accused of aiming at excessive prices by too severe application of the restriction screw. At the same time, whatever case there may be for orderly marketing, the fact has to be faced that output curtailment is an uneconomic process, and that in the case of copper and tin it would ultimately be much better for the world to let the high-cost producers go to the wall.

Corfe Castle, Dorset.
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'"
W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."
WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES
10 FOR 8D
20 FOR 1/4
50 FOR 3/3
Handmade
20 FOR 1/6
Also obtainable in other packings
One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality
T.T.183D

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Yes & No. Tu., Fri., & 20, 27.

APOLLO. People at Sea. Mon., Sat., & 28th.

CAMBRIDGE. It's You I Want. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Think of a Number Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife" Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

QUEEN'S. The School for Scandal. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Autumn. Tues., Fri.

SAVOY. Treasure Island. Mats. only.

SHAFTESbury. Thank You, Mr. Pepys. Sat.

STRAND. Room Service. Thurs. Next.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. Mats. only

WHITEHALL. I Killed the Count. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
No perf. Dec. 23, 24, from Dec. 27, Dly, 2.30, 8.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. (Tem. 1171.) Evgs. 8.30.
Mats. Tu., Fri. (ex. 24th), 2.30. Also Mons. 20 & 27, 2.30
YES AND NO
by Kenneth Horne.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs. 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.
Extra Christmas Matinee, Tues. Dec. 28, 2.30.
ALEC L. REA presents
PEOPLE AT SEA, by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056.) 8.30. Thur.. Sat., 2.30.
Extra Matinees, Dec. 27 and 28. No Perf. Xmas Eve.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
IT'S YOU I WANT

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30. Ext. Mats. Bxng Day.
Dec. 29, 30. & Jan. 1, 2.30. No Perf. Xmas Eve.
DOUGLAS BYNG, WINIFRED SHOTTER in
THINK OF A NUMBER

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON.
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
No Perf. Xmas Eve. Extra Mat. Boxing Day, 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5122. Evgs., 8.30
Matinees, Wed., Sat. and Boxing Day, 2.30
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. Tem. 4061. Dec. 20, 8.15. Subs., 8.30.
CYRIL RITCHARD. ELIOT MAKEHAM.
VICKI LISTER.
BEDTIME STORY
by Walter Ellis.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30 Sharp.
Mat., Wed., Sat. and Boxing Day, 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Thurs. and Sats. at 2.30. Extra Mats., Dec. 27 & 29.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK"**

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WED., & SAT., 2.30. Extra Mat., Boxing Day.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Holborn 9617.
27th year ITALIA CONTI production
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.
DAILY AT 2.15.
Pop. Prices. Concessions to Parties. Box office open.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 4032.) MON. Next at 8.30.
(Subsequently TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 8.30.)
THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN ILLUSIONIST
THE GREAT LEVANTE
and HIS MAGICAL EXTRAVAGANZA "HOWS TRICKS."

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30 sharp. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
No. Perf. Xmas Eve. Extra Mats., Dec. 27, Jan. 3 and 15.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

PALACE. Ger. 6834. EVENINGS, 8.15.
1st Matinee, Boxing Day (Dec. 27), 2.30.
JACK WALLER Presents a New Musical Comedy
"OH! YOU LETTY."

PLAYHOUSE. Over 700 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evenings only, 8.30. No perf. Xmas Eve.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

PLAYHOUSE. Mats. only. Whi. 7774.
Dec. 21 & Daily, 2.30. No perf. Xmas Eve.
ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
(in Wonderland). By Lewis Carroll.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) 8.30 Sharp. W. & S., 2.30.
(No Perfs. Dec. 23 and 24.) Ex. Mat., Boxing Day, 2.30
JOHN GIELGUD'S SEASON.
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Extra Matinee Boxing Day. No Perf. Xmas Eve.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443). Evgs. 8.30, Tu. F. 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
AUTUMN
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888.
TUES., Dec. 21, at 8. Subs., 8.30. EVGS. Only.
BULLDOG DRUMMOND HITS OUT
by "SAPPER" & Gerard Fairlie.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888.
BOXING DAY & DAILY, 2.30. Mats. Only.
TREASURE ISLAND.
FOR BOYS FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTY.

SHAFTESBURY (Ger. 6666.) To-night 8.30.
No Perfs. Dec. 20–25 incl. Re-open. Box'g Day, 2.30, 8.30.
EDMUND GWENN in
THANK YOU, Mr. PEPYS

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Mat., Thurs., 2.30.
ROOM SERVICE
by John Murray & Allen Boretz.
NEW YORK'S GREAT LAUGHING HIT.

UNITY THEATRE. Eus. 5391. 8.15, Every Night.
"ARISTOCRATS"
by Pogodin.
Tickets 3/6, 2/6, 1/6, 1/-. Members and associates only.
Apply, UNITY THEATRE, Goldington St., Pancras Rd.

VAUDEVILLE. (Tem. 4871.) Thurs. Next, 8.15.
Subs. 8.30. Mats. Boxing Day, Dec. 28 & Jan. 1, 2.30.
A LADY'S GENTLEMAN.
RONALD SQUIRE. MARGARETTA SCOTT.
Frank Pettingell. Helen Haye. Anthony Ireland.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nghtly. 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Mats. only.
Reopens Boxing Dey and Daily, 2.15.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 4/6, 2/6, bookable.
Evgs. (except Wed.), 7 p.m. Mat., Wed., 2.30.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA
by EUGENE O'NEILL.
RUN EXTENDED OVER CHRISTMAS

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whi. 6692.)
Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Boxing Day, 2.30.
I KILLED THE COUNT
by Alec Coppel.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. (Closed Dec. 20 to 25.)
EVGS., 8.30. Wed., Sats. & Boxing Day at 2.30
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

FILMS

ACADEMY, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
The first great Italian international success
"SQUADRONE BIANCO" (U).
"It is perfect" *Echo de Paris*, and a great British Picture
"THE LAST ADVENTURERS" (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 20th DECEMBER, and WEEK
HANS MOSER and LEO SLEZAK in
CONFETTI (U).
A gay Carnival film

REPERTORY THEATRES

THE PLAYHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.
Evgs. 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30 p.m.
George and Margaret. By Gerald Savory.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Sarah Simple. By A. A. Milne.

MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE
Evenings at 7.30
Lights Out at Eleven. By Armitage Owen.

EXHIBITION

"THE most exciting show that London has lately seen."—*Daily Telegraph.*
WYNDHAM LEWIS "INFERNOS," etc.
and Paintings by ADRIAN DAINTREY.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square, 10–6.

DANCE

MASKED BALL, at SUFFOLK GALLERIES, PALL MALL, S.W.1, Saturday, 18th December. RONALD FRANKAU of Broadcast and Variety Fame in a Song, a Word, a Piano. Dancing 8–1 a.m. to FRANK ROBINS' Band (M.U.). Licensed Bar, Attractive Buffet, Novelties, etc. Tickets, 3s. at door or from L.D.C. Socials Committee, Friendship House, W.C.1. (Northington Street).

RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnigl t). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

FOR THE TABLE

MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD

Per Tin, by post, 2s. 10d., 4s. 10d., 7s. 1d.
Enclose your greeting cards with order and we will pos. for Christmas delivery to your friends. Complete Price List post free on request.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,

108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

PERSONAL

FOR SALE, *WEEK-END REVIEW*, Vols. 1–5 (March 1930–June 1932), *bound*, complete; Vols. 6–7 (July 1932–June 1933) complete, unbound.
NEW STATESMAN, 1936 and 1937 complete, unbound. All excellent condition. What offers? Box 258 N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

DO you hate CHRISTMAS CARDS? Then you have not seen our Historical Series. Fine wood engravings and unusual quotations. Samples 1ent. The SAMSON PRESS, Woodstock, Oxford.

JOHN McCALLUM Horoscopes accurately cast and individually interpreted. One guinea. Mention special problems. 154a High Street, Guildford.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London, gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

ANTHONY PANTING regrets that he is unable to accept any more orders for portraits to be completed before Christmas.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 9058

INFERIORITY COMPLEX? Write for remarkable free book—British Institute of Practical Psychology, 1 (H.X.7), Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

CHRISTMAS SKIING IN AUSTRIA. Two men are invited to make up equal numbers in private party. Moderate expenses. Certain snow and sun Box 255, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

WANTED to purchase for cash, gramophone records of good music. Complete works, etc. Good prices given. Gramophone Exchange, 121 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, where gramophones and records of good quality can be bought, sold or exchanged.

SOCIETY issues and other complete works on deferred terms. Write to Gramophone Exchange, 121 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.